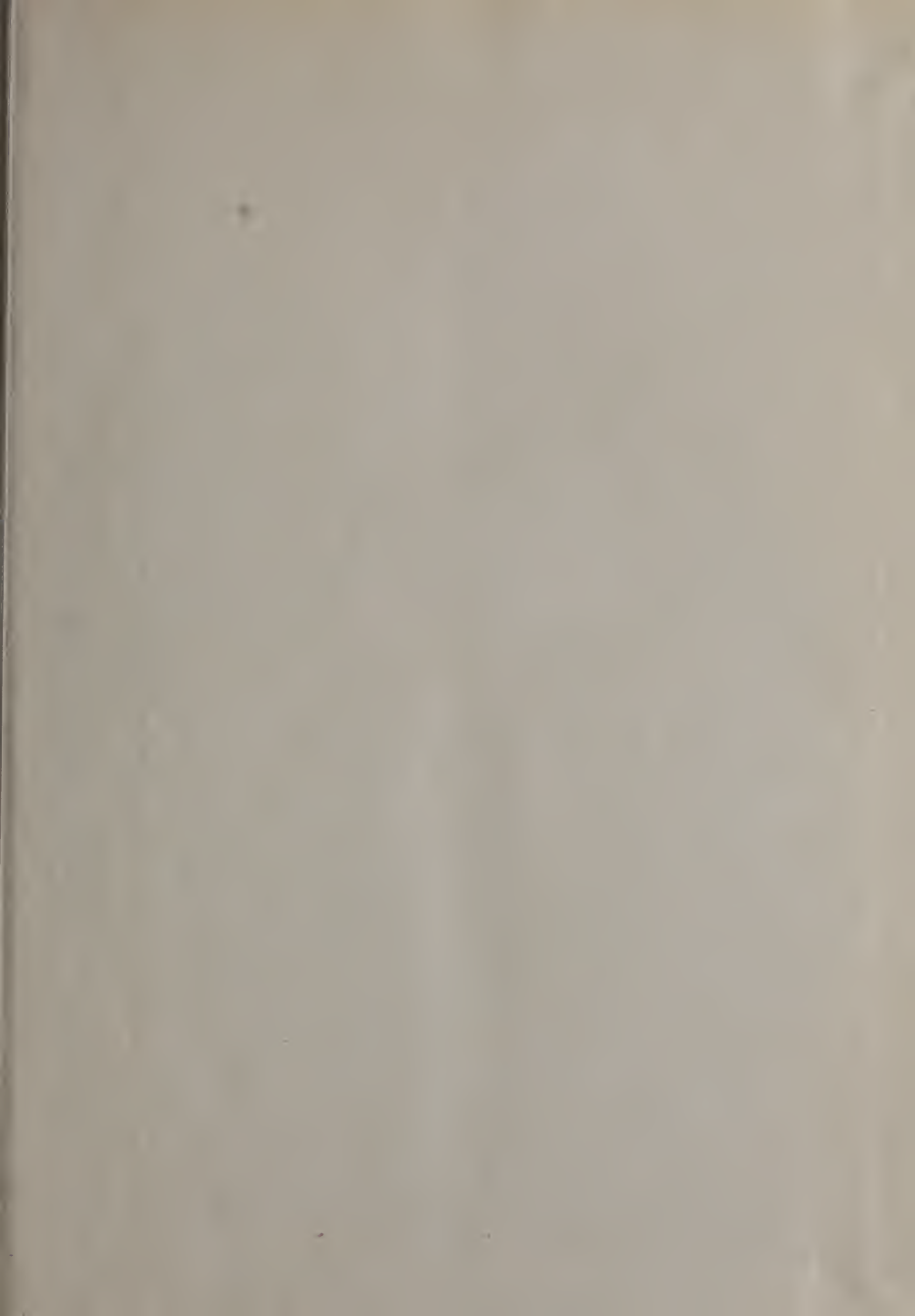



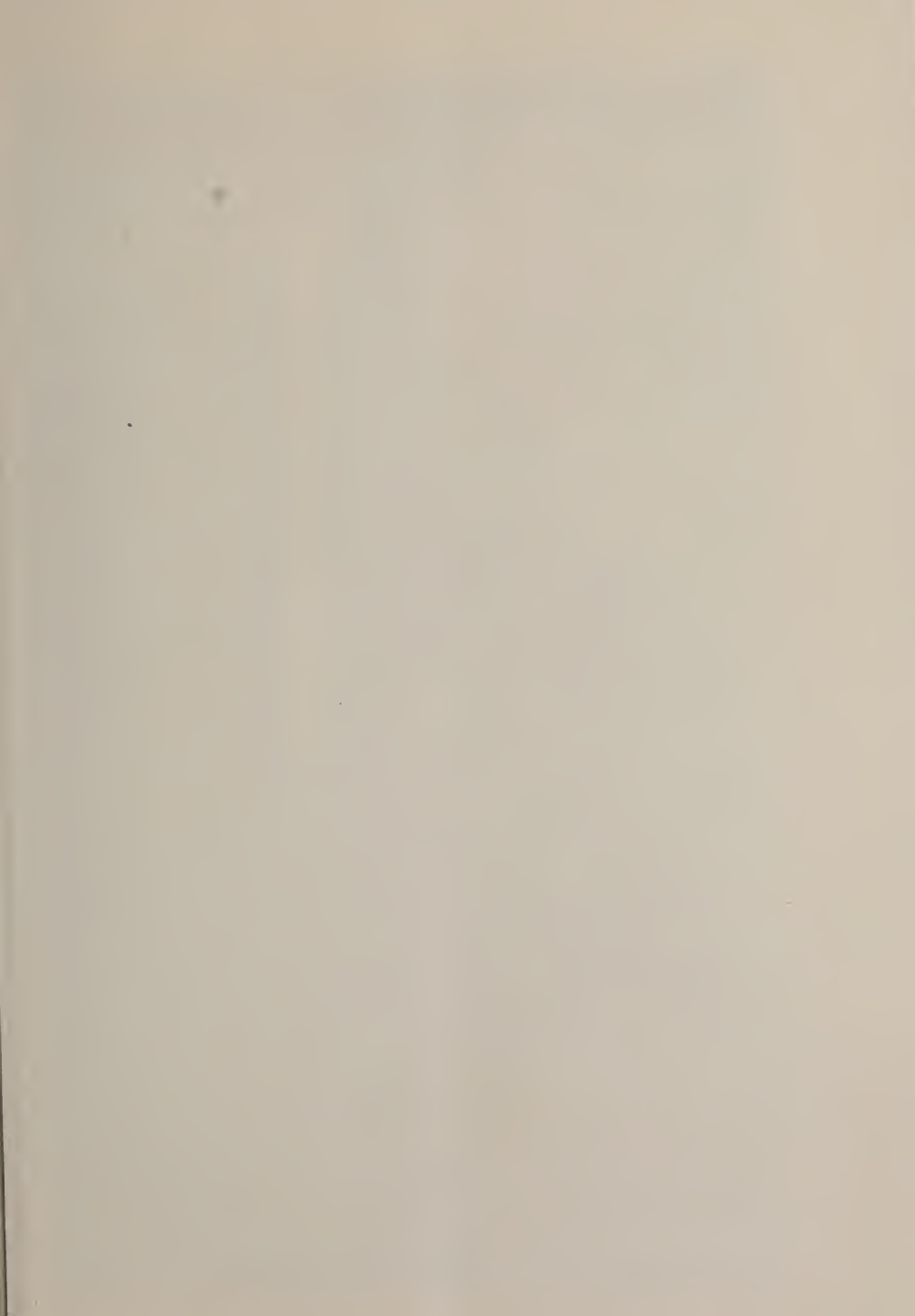
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THE NEW VERNACULAR BUILDING AT AHMEDNAGAR. (See page 114)

Life and Light

Vol. XLIII.

MARCH, 1913.

No. 3

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of David Livingstone will fall on Wednesday, March 19th. The London Missionary Society which had the honor of sending him to Africa has invited all its friends and supporters to join in doing honor to the memory of this great man and to further the work for which he gave his life.

The Foreign Missionary Conference of North America recommended in January, 1912, that all the Boards should join in this celebration and requested the Missionary Education Movement to facilitate plans for a country-wide observance of this significant centenary.

The American Board, desiring to aid each Congregational church in marking in appropriate ways a day so noteworthy in the annals of missions, offers various helps and programs, with especial material to be used in Sunday schools in the month of March, when the work of foreign missions is especially before the young people.

The Missionary Education Movement offers a fine reference library on Africa for \$5, carriage extra, also several maps and portraits of Livingstone. Secretary Brewer Eddy, Congregational House, Boston, will send on request a descriptive leaflet, containing valuable Livingstone bibliography, and detailed information of American Board leaflets and exercises. Our own young people's department has prepared two programs for use in this connection, which appear on page 122.

Even the most cursory knowledge of Africa and its needs will be sufficient to make one realize how important and how timely is this Livingstone anniversary. The hero of Blantyre whose heart is buried in Ilala could with difficulty understand how lightly the burden which broke that heart is carried by many Christians of this generation. To rehearse his "marvelous pilgrimage from Blantyre to Ilala," to strike again the note of simple, unquestioning obedience to God's will dominant in his life, to bring before the eyes of our young people in these days of ease and of much unheroic service of David Livingstone's Master, his historic motto,

"The end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the missionary enterprise," is surely well worth while.

Mrs. Henry G. Bissell and her three fatherless children arrived in Boston January 29th. In company with Miss Emily Bissell she has gone to Oberlin **Missionary** where the daughter Marian is attending school and will make **Personals.** her home there for the present. Much prayer and deep sympathy surround the family in these days and many tributes to Mr. Bissell's unusual powers are coming to our notice.

The death of Miss Phebe L. Cull which occurred in Worcester, Mass., January 22d, takes another of those veteran workers whose ranks are so rapidly being thinned here upon earth. A further notice of Miss Cull's long and valuable missionary service will be found on page 103.

We must record also the death at Columbus, Ohio, on January 6th, of Mrs. Josephine L. Coffing, one of the oldest missionaries of the American Board. She went to Turkey with her husband in 1857, and after her husband met his death in 1862 at the hands of a murderous Turk, she continued for nearly forty years to spend herself in unceasing self-sacrifice for the people of Turkey. In Aintab, in Marash and in Hadjin there are hundreds who "rise up to call her blessed."

The many friends of the Rev. and Mrs. George E. White of Marsovan are sorrowing with them in the death of their daughter Mary at Grinnell, Iowa, on New Year's Day. Another daughter, Margaret, is with her parents in Marsovan.

Rev. and Mrs. M. W. Ennis of the West Africa Mission arrived in Boston February 1st. Rev. and Mrs. L. Curtis Guise who went to the Madura Mission in 1911 have been compelled to return to this country because of ill health. They are for the present on the Pacific Coast.

Miss Frances K. Bement and her sister, Dr. Lucy P. Bement, sailed from San Francisco January 23d, returning to their work in Shaowu, China; also Mrs. Wynn C. Fairfield of the Shansi Mission, sailed February 8th, after a brief visit to the United States.

Miss Mabel A. Ellis, Lintsing, China (W. B. M. I. 1907), was married on Christmas Day at Curtis, Neb., to Mr. Hugh Hubbard, who is under appointment by the American Board to the North China Mission.

Miss Sophie S. Holt who went to Brousa, Turkey, in 1901 to assist in the work of the girls' school, under the W. B. M. I., returned in 1910, after an interval in this country, for a three years' term of service at Adabazar, as an assistant of the W. B. M. Miss Holt has now received permanent appointment as a missionary of the American Board and has been adopted by our own Woman's Board. Miss Holt's early home was in Somerville,

Mass., and after her graduation at the Northwestern Christian College and the University of Minnesota, she taught in the South. She will for the present continue to assist Miss Kinney in the girls' school at Adabazar where her devotion and faithfulness are much appreciated. The Woman's Board is earnestly seeking for a third teacher for the Adabazar school lest the load prove too heavy for these two willing workers.

Miss Susan R. Howland, for many years principal of the Uduvil girls' school, expects to sail March 28th with Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott of the Ceylon Mission. In a recent letter Dr. Scott speaks most warmly of Miss Howland's work and influence among the Tamil people.



MISS HOLT

New Britain, Conn., Worcester and Greenfield, Mass., Brattleboro, Vt., and White Plains, N. Y., have welcomed Board secretaries and missionaries

Co-operative the past month and given of their best interest and service to **Institutes.** further the Institutes. In many cases the churches within a radius of twenty miles co-operate and receive the benefit of inspirational addresses and practical conferences. The officers of the American Board and the Woman's Board are much on the wing in these days attending these gatherings, while Secretaries Hitchcock, Tenney and Eddy are equally busy in the Interior and on the Pacific Coast, heartily seconded by the Woman's Boards of those districts. In our own territory, Miss Isabel Blake, Mrs. Stanley Emrich, Mrs. Charles E. Ewing, Dr. Harriet Parker and Dr. Eleanor Stephenson are giving valuable missionary addresses.

There seems something sorrowful and out of harmony in having so much of the horror and suffering of war narrated in this Easter issue of **LIFE AND** **Our Easter** **LIGHT.** Yet as the days go on and peace between the Balkan **Number.** Allies and Turkey seems long in coming, we begin to realize that not one tenth of the misery and distress has been told in the letters received from our missionaries. In all these Lenten days let us remember to pray for storm-tossed, stricken Turkey as well as for the Balkan Allies, and for the men and women dear to us and dear to God who are working in those fields.

The articles by Miss Clarke of Sofia and Miss Parsons of Brousa and the letter from Miss Orvis of Cesarea make our hearts ache for both victors and vanquished.

The note of joy and comfort in the words from Van, Kyoto and Ahmed-

nagar in regard to the new buildings, already so fully occupied, is a relief. Mr. Emrich's story of Mardin's need of similar comforts and conveniences makes a strong appeal. The students of *China's New Day* and many others are sure to be delighted with Miss Browne's story of "Traveling with a Mule," told in her own gay, grave way. The third chapter of the serial story is both pertinent and practical and the appeal of the Council message will reveal a need on the part of the Board which it desires to share with its auxiliaries.

"The best of training is not too much for the requirements of the foreign field. Teachers thoroughly qualified to systematize, grade and develop primary schools, to teach in and superintend grammar and high schools, to fill chairs in a more limited number of colleges or institutions for the most advanced education—all are needed and in numbers far beyond any supply that has yet offered. One line of educational work is especially insistent in its growing need and its demand for recruits—namely, that for the training of teachers. Graduates of normal schools may hear a truly Macedonian cry sounding for them. . . . Special qualifications in music, science, art, mathematics, history, domestic science, industrial art—all are wanted, and are being constantly called for by those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day. The Board asks for no teachers who would go simply to impart instruction from text-books, but it does call for those who will use their highest attainments of scholarship to open minds and prepare them for the sum of all knowledge—to know Jesus Christ and become one with him."—*Miss Lamson in "The Intercollegian."*

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS FROM DECEMBER 18, 1912, TO JANUARY 1, 1913

| | For Regular Work. | For Buildings. | For Special Objects. | From Legacies. | Total. |
|----------------|----------------------|-------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|-------------|
| 1911 | \$6,043.49 | \$781.50 | \$102.00 | | *\$6,926.99 |
| 1912 | 8,336.61 | 71.00 | 32.60 | | 8,440.21 |
| Gain | 2,293.12 | | | | 1,513.22 |
| Loss | | 710.50 | 69.40 | | |

FOR THREE MONTHS TO JANUARY 1, 1913

| | | | | | |
|----------------|-----------|-----------|--------|----------|-----------|
| 1911 | 17,680.89 | 1,695.89 | 650.61 | 1,435.00 | 21,462.39 |
| 1912 | 20,636.32 | 14,875.50 | 200.16 | 2,850.00 | 38,561.98 |
| Gain | 2,955.43 | 13,179.61 | | 1,415.00 | 17,099.59 |
| Loss | | | 450.45 | | |

* Not including extra gifts for work of 1912.

For a faithful, hard-working, touring missionary in the Madura field, an organ and a sciopticon for use in attracting the people and explaining to them the gospel story. Any one who can respond to this **Wanted!** need will have the gratitude of Miss Mary Metcalf Root of Madura, and of many others who are interested in her work. The whole amount needed, including transportation, is about \$100.

You knew, didn't you, dear reader, that last year we had 1,500 of our coveted 2,000 new subscriptions and yet at the annual meeting in November **Overdue Subscriptions.** a net gain of only 600 could be reported? *That means that 900 women did not renew their subscriptions during the first nine months of 1912!* It must be that some of these women simply neglected, because of the pressure of other duties, to attend to this one and to send the needful sixty cents. The same thing seems likely to occur this year, and at the end of March, according to the post-office regulations, the names will be crossed off, and when the renewal does come in, perhaps in April, the extra work of re-inserting the name on the mailing list is necessary and sometimes a vexatious delay is occasioned. Please, dear friends, help us in this simple matter, and if you want **LIFE AND LIGHT** for 1913—and you do, don't you?—*say so now.*

An unusually fascinating little leaflet is that entitled "The Man with Ten Eyes," written by Mrs. Arthur H. Smith of North China. It is published by the Woman's Board of the Interior and is most tellingly illustrated and put up in vivid Chinese red. Price ten cents; send to W. B. M. I., 180 North Dearborn Street, Chicago. A few copies of the Prayer Calendar may be obtained for twenty cents,—five cents additional for postage. Send to Miss Hartshorn for these.

Thousands of copies of the Lenten Letter and envelope have been sent out into the auxiliaries. The letter prepared by Mrs. George H. Washburn **The Lenten Appeal.** is an earnest appeal for an extra offering of time and money from the Christian women of our Congregational churches during these Lenten Days. May the fruitage of these little messengers be rich and blessed to both the givers and receivers!

During the past six weeks, on successive Thursday mornings, Mrs. C. H. Old South Daniels has given six helpful and instructive lectures on **Lectures.** China's New Day at the chapel of the Old South Church, under the auspices of the Jubilee Continuation Committee of Boston.

THE EASTER HOPE

“There have been great days in the history of the human race,—days of triumph whose victories have enriched the world; days of honor whose brightness has made the world lighter; days of great deeds which have lifted man to loftier, diviner heights; days of heroic, self-forgetful love which has made the air sweeter with its odorous perfumes. But the day of all days in fruit of blessing and good in the world’s story, was that Good Friday when the Son of Man gave his life on the cross to save men. There is a picture which represents the after scenes on that day of the crucifixion. It is all over. The crowds have gone away. The evening sun is shining out again on Calvary. The body of the Saviour has been borne to the sepulchre. The cross has been taken down, and lies on the ground. A company of little children, bright with the glow of childhood’s innocence, led to the place by accident or curiosity, are seen bending over the signs of the day’s terrible work. One of the children holds in his hand a nail which a little time before had pierced a hand or a foot of the patient Sufferer, and stands spellbound with horror as he gazes at it. His gentle heart is shocked at sin’s dreadful work. On all the children’s faces the same expression of amazement is depicted.

“A dying Christ alone will not satisfy your heart. While you praise the love that was crucified for you, you crave love from a Saviour who lives. Memories of a friend who is gone may be very sweet. They fill our life with fragrance. The odors of love departed stay in a home like the perfume of sweet flowers when the flowers have been borne away. But how unsatisfying are the mere memories of your friend when your heart hungers for love’s real presence, and touch and tenderness! No more will the mere memories of the Love that died on the cross for you satisfy your cravings for Christ. You must have the living One for your friend.

“There is wondrous music in these words as they are spoken in the ears of sorrowing ones beside the coffin and the new-made grave. It was a dim teaching in Martha’s time, but soon afterward that occurred which made it bright and clear as day. Jesus himself lay in the grave, and then rose from death, walking forth in the light and radiancy of immortal youth.

“Christ was the first fruits of resurrection; that is, his resurrection was an earnest or pledge as well as an example of the coming resurrection of all who believe on him.

“We have a right to lay flowers on the coffins of our Christian dead. They will come forth in the beauty of new life. We open our New Testa-

ment and see Jesus, after he had risen, away beyond death. He has not been harmed by dying. No beam of the beauty of his life is quenched. The threads of the earthly life are not severed. He has not forgotten his friends, but takes up again the old companionships and friendships. So will it be with our beloved ones who sleep in Jesus. They will rise; and they will be the same persons we have known here, only they will be cleansed of their earthliness and their mortality. And they will not have forgotten us. Love never faileth. We shall resume friendship's story on the other side."

MISS PHEBE L. CULL: AN APPRECIATION

MISS CULL was a native of Whitehall, N. Y., but her parents early removed to Wisconsin, where she was both a student and teacher.

Just after the close of the Civil War she taught a large school of freedmen in Little Rock, Ark. She says of those days, "I used to walk home at the close of the school day saying to myself, 'There is a world of pleasure in teaching those boys and men.'" Later she taught for four years in the Milwaukee Female College. About this time stirring missionary literature fell into her hands,—Mrs. Capron's letters from India and Dr. Wheeler's *Ten Years on the Euphrates*, with the result that in 1871 she offered herself to the American Board for service in Turkey and sailed the same year for Smyrna, where she taught in the girls' school, then



MISS CULL

located at Manisa. In 1887 she was appointed to Brousa, after a period spent in this country, and later was teacher of science in Marsovan. Her associates would testify to Miss Cull's intellectual power and attainments as well as to the faithfulness and enthusiasm which she always brought to her work. She had the rare gift of imparting to her pupils a real thirst for knowledge. She returned to this country in 1906, and has since lived in Worcester, Mass., tenderly cared for by relatives.

Miss Frances E. Washburn who taught in Marsovan from 1873 to 1883 writes as follows of her personal recollections of Miss Cull:—

It was the spring of 1874 that I first saw Miss Cull, in Constantinople.

It was my first annual meeting and we occupied together Mrs. J. K. Greene's guest room, and together delighted in our dear hostess. Details are forgotten, only a general impression remains of the exquisite little touches in the furnishings of the simple guest room, the sympathy that grew up between us, talking while we dressed, those sweet spring mornings. She talked about things in which we had a common interest in a way that commanded my assent, and I listened with delight and increasing admiration, as the days went on, to her descriptions or analyses or opinions. As I remember there was almost nothing about people; only this I recall about a fellow missionary, Rev. J. Y. Leonard of Marsovan: "He does kind things as if it were the habit of his life;" and in that comment was revealed her discernment.

Miss Cull was at this time connected with the girls' school in Manisa, where the missionaries of Smyrna Station had their residence. Later she was in charge of the girls' school in Brousa. Some years afterwards she spent a year or two in Constantinople, with Miss Gleason in Haskeuy. Her missionary language was Greek.

Rev. Charles H. Williams, who has known Miss Cull in Worcester, and who had a share in the funeral service, adds this word of appreciation:—

A minister without charge has frequent opportunities for pastoral service, becoming a sort of minister-at-large, uncommissioned and unpaid. It was thus I came into intimate relations with Miss Cull, whom I met five years ago, when I moved to Worcester, whither she had preceded me.

For a time, we were under the same roof, our intercourse limited, however, chiefly to the dining room or elevator. Later, she removed to the house, a few blocks distant, which was henceforth home, where she could have greater privacy and skilled attention, remaining within reach of the relatives, because of whom she was here and whose constant ministrations brightened her closing years. There I visited her, with increasing frequency, to the end. She had a marked individuality, jealously guarding her privacy, resenting what savored of the inquisitorial, but making frank disclosure of herself to those whom she counted friends.

How far this independent spirit was an inheritance, and how far due to the conditions of her life, I do not know. However gained, it marked her thinking, as well as conduct, and made the social interchange more stimulating. Of Miss Mortimer, principal of the seminary at Milwaukee, in which she was first pupil, and later, teacher, she spoke with warm affection and regard. In telling of her experience as teacher of negro children in the South, the emphasis was, not upon her work, but upon the uniform

courtesy she experienced from the white citizens, who, indeed, sought her services for their own children.

So of her long and valuable labors in the East, reticent about that, she dwelt upon her associates in the mission, their families and fortunes. With some of them she kept in touch after her return by correspondence and occasional visits while the *Orient* and our missionary magazines brought fresh tidings.

Whenever possible, and it was often, she attended church on Sunday morning, not indifferent, nor inattentive to the message, but craving, especially, the united worship. "I love to join in the Lord's Prayer and the Doxology," she said, more than once.

Little children recognized her as a friend, and there were some, in adjacent homes, whom she knew by name. Each morning she read a portion of Scripture, first in the Greek Testament, then in one of the English versions—not as an exercise in grammar or exegesis, but for spiritual quickening. With characteristic frankness, she confessed to a shrinking from pain and from disabling illness. And God gave her the desire of her heart. After midday, as she lay on the bed, with no thought that the end was near, "She fell on sleep, for so He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Oh peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest."

TRAVELS WITH A MULE

BY ALICE SEYMOUR BROWNE

TO begin with, she is no ordinary animal, any more than Stevenson's famous donkey. Take her sensitiveness to ridicule, for instance. I remember one bright morning when we had planned a very early start from the Chinese inn, but the moment we rode out of the courtyard, we inside the cart were threatened with dizziness, for the cart proceeded to whirl round and round, due to the fact that the instant the carter managed to pull the mule around, heading eastward, she would rapidly spin back and try to start westward toward her old home in Tung-chou. The large and friendly crowd of onlookers openly expressed its facetious estimate of the probable hour of arrival at our intended destination. Suddenly the gyrations of the cart stopped, and the mule started meekly eastward.

"What did you do to her?" I asked the carter in amazement, as he gathered up the rope reins and jumped up to his seat, and we rattled into the dark cavern of the city gate.

"I just explained to her that the crowd was laughing at her foolish obstinacy,—and then she behaved," he answered serenely over his shoulder. "She understands many things, that mule."

I was impressed; and my further acquaintance with her, not to mention the proud carter's tales, have made me appreciate her unusualness.

No, she is no ordinary mule. She does her plodding and trotting best, day after day, reserving, of course, the feminine privilege of doing the unexpected, and occasionally running away, or abruptly turning toward home. But she knows she is indispensable to our travels, and rates herself



GATEWAY TO MISSION PREMISES AT TUNG-CHOU

accordingly, for, supplemented by the blue-covered, two-wheeled "Peking cart" she takes the place, in North China, of the stately sedan chair and its bearers, or of the padded wheelbarrow and its pusher, used in other provinces,—or even of your motor! For she is the only practical means of transporting the Bible woman, the missionary, their books and pictures and bedding and food, to any distance in a somewhat pioneer field. Oh,—and the carter! He being an elderly and important personage who (usually) knows the clew to the bewildering network of roads,—and, most valuable of all, can produce unerringly that patent combination of ex-

traordinary sounds to which a well-bred mule automatically reacts. She does not understand good American, I regretfully discovered at critical moments, though a whip helps her comprehension.

She has taken us on many a journey, long and short, over the narrow roads worn deep between yellow loess banks, or winding crazily between green fields planted thriftily up to the very wheel ruts,—and even fords the muddy seas of what masquerade as roads during the dry season. Often, while she stops to drink beside the well of some unfamiliar village, the



THE CART, THE MULE BUT NOT THE MISSIONARY!

Bible woman and I will climb out of our cramped quarters in the cart, and stroll tentatively down the irregular street, at a safe distance from the barking dogs who rush out at us, to the big village grindstone. Usually we can find some woman wearily pushing the huge circular stone roller over her family's daily ration of corn or millet, and if we are fortunate,—and tactful,—she will not run away at our unexpected advent. In only a few moments we find ourselves the center of a gathering crowd of women and girls, whose bound feet bring them thither with a swiftness second only to the rate in which the news has spread through the hamlet. For (let us say it modestly) in a new place there is no greater attraction to a

crowd than the presence of a foreigner,—especially if that foreigner be of a noticeably Anglo-Saxon type. (Modestly, I say,—because being merely a curiosity is not particularly conducive to pride.)

“Come over and see the foreigner,” you hear them call shrilly over the courtyard wall. They “come over,” clad in vivid home-dyed colors, green and purple and scarlet, bringing babies or work or a long-stemmed pipe, to stand shyly agaze with imperturbable Oriental concentration, until smiles and easy chat convince them at last that the strangers are women, too,—and friends at that. Then the spell is broken. They press closer yet: they ask questions and finger our clothing and listen with a child’s wonder and intensity of interest to a story of some great simple truth, until we suddenly look up to find the mule has come for us, and the carter has placed the little wooden stool for us to climb back into the cart and go on with our journey.

But we like to think that even in the space of a mule’s drinking time, we have made a breach in the thick wall of prejudice and fear and distrust that keeps us out of any new village,—and that perhaps next time we may be greeted as friends, and invited to sit within some one’s house, and tell again of the Love that has sent us to them. Because that is what has happened before, and we know, with a deep gladness, that the King will not delay his coming to any place when the door has opened to his messengers.

Sometimes the brown mule trudges along with an extra guest tucked jackknife fashion into the cart,—the gentle lady who somehow manages to take time, occasionally, from her home and children, to travel with us. Her loving sympathy, as well as her skillful use of the black medicine bag, make the Chinese villagers talk of her visit for months before and after her coming. If only there were more of her! Even in the remote districts whither the mule has taken us but rarely, the old suspicious fear of “foreign medicine” is giving way to an immense faith that is sometimes even more embarrassing. “Ah, but these Christians have the Buddha heart,” we overhear them say to each other,—these pitiful ones on whose poor bodies the law of cause and effect has wrought so inexorably, because of their ignorance. They go so gratefully away, each with her tiny portion of ointment or powder, affirming, “So kind! So loving! Also the way they talk about sounds as if it might be true, but it is not like what our ancestors taught us. Who can tell? Wait till we hear it again.” If there is an “again”!

Or perhaps the mule jogs into a village where a Bible woman has been

working for some weeks, and needs fresh cheer and encouragement; or it may be that a station class that has been going on for some two or three weeks awaits examination. The mule, I think, likes to take us to station classes. She can chew her chopped straw for a restful day or so, while we spend cross-legged hours on a crowded brick *kang*, asking questions individually and collectively of the shy yet eager scholars,—ranging in age from eighteen to eighty,—who have been daily devoting solid hours to study,—tiny son or grandson on one arm, the unaccustomed, grimy book in the other hand. Why, it may be the very first time in her life that the oldest gray-haired lady ever went to school. What wonder at the atmosphere of suppressed excitement at this final examination? The intermittent howls of even the most favored baby are ruthlessly repressed by the proud graduating parent.

“See, Teacher,” says Mrs. Wang when her turn comes, almost putting my eye out with an unusually rampant hair ornament worn especially for the great occasion, in her efforts to squeeze as closely as possible to me, and yet keep a wriggling baby from breaking its neck by falling off the edge of the *kang*. (Babies are rather a problem in a class. There are apt to be a good many, of assorted tempers, temperaments, and coughs. However, their mothers, poor eager women, cannot come without them. Hence the babies. Some of them are distractingly dear, too,—unless they all cry at once.) “See, Teacher, how much I can read. My grandson helps me with the strange characters when I go home nights. After the work is all done and the rest go to sleep, I just read and read! My husband” (in an embarrassed whisper) “is so glad to have me know more about the Way that he doesn’t grudge my using a little more coal oil. Oh, if I’d only had a chance when I was a girl! But I’m only sixty-five,—and by the time I’m eighty I’ll have read a lot!” “Oh, Teacher breaks in plump little Mrs. Li, “we’ve recited all our lessons, and the Life of Christ, and the geography, and the Old Testament stories, and sung the hymns we’ve learned,—and can’t we play the games now?”

The games! The one day in the year,—the first day in a lifetime, maybe,—when they can play real games, because it is the momentous last day of station class, before they start homeward. And we play famous old games! How they laugh and jeer good-naturedly at dignified Mrs. Lu, who, blindfolded, blows at her neighbor’s face instead of the lighted candle! And how excruciatingly funny to watch one’s honorable mother-in-law pin the donkey’s tail to the feather duster! As for the tea and cakes,—deliciously greasy and odorous of sesame oil,—they have a special

flavor at this last eating together. To be sure, the steamed corn cakes and boiled cabbage of their daily fare has been eaten with relish and merriment and good fellowship, but this is different. This is Commencement Day! In a little while their husbands will come with donkeys or carts to take these simple-hearted village women, their babies and their bedding, back to the prosaic drudgery of house and farm. No more unburdening of hearts at bedtime,—no zestful singing of hymns together, night and morning, nor any big new thoughts that can put a new light on their faces. Reluctantly they go home,—and what is there left? How surprisingly much is left,—of new ideals, sweeter hearts and kinder words, we discover later, on our travels about the country with the mule.

She likewise enjoys taking us to examine a country school, does the mule, for that, too, being an affair of moment, always proves an affair of time. For not only is there a black-eyed and bequeued little group of boys and maidens to be examined, but we must receive and pay calls. Between parents and teacher pass many deferential bows and courtly phrases. There may even be a toothsome feast or two, given in our pedagogical honor by the grateful family of some small child. I always hope the mule never finds out about these feasts, because she is never invited,—though we would not be there except for her! And as I said before, hers is a sensitive nature. I used to make it up to her, sometimes. She is fond of persimmons.



VISITING A COUNTRY SCHOOL

There are certain well-known times in the year when the mule conveys us to a village, and leaves us to our fate,—and a hot, dry-throated, tired-headed fate it is apt to be. The three or four days and nights are vocal with the weird, insistent tom-tom music that accompanies the almost con-

tinuous theatrical performances that are being given on a high, open-air stage, in honor of the local god or goddess. Our courtyard is thronged all day long by women and girls who have many of them come from distant homes on this their annual pleasure excursion,—hardworking village folk in their cheap gay finery, chattering of the play, of the clever maskers who have been dancing and parading about the streets on unbelievably high stilts, of their purchases of earrings and flowers,—and coming to see us is part of the show. They sink down in some shady spot with a sigh of relief, and turn their faces up to us, and listen, or ask questions. Sometimes they stay for hours, and come again and again.

“I’d rather listen to what you say than go to the theatre,” a sad-eyed woman will tell us. Sometimes she will confide the tragedy that lies back of those suffering eyes. Little wonder that she craves peace.

“I’ve remembered that prayer you taught me a year ago,” whispers an unusually pretty young woman, “my mother-in-law hates me,—she’d kill me if she could, because my husband likes me. And when I lie on the *kang* nights, and wonder how long she’ll let me live, I say the prayer. And it helps. Will you teach me another?”

Sometimes they even dare invite us to their homes. And the mule takes us to many strange doors. It thrills one with the sense of adventure and unknown possibilities,—this going to a strange village, a strange house, for the first time; with oh! so keen a sense of lurking foe—slander and fear and ignorance—that lie in wait to do us battle at each new door. If only we may be given the right word, the loving understanding of their customs and thoughts and lives,—that may give us the right of way into home and heart, and through us to the King. And very rarely is it that we are refused that entrance. One day I remember,—a bitterly cold day,—when the mule stopped before a door which we were not allowed to enter, because the one who had invited us was away, and those who were at home were afraid to offer even the ordinary Oriental hospitality. They sullenly watched us turn back. They have asked us to come, since,—but there has been no opportunity.

Oftenest of all, the mule has carried us to the open doors and hearts of the Chinese Christians scattered singly or in groups through the countryside. Such exclamations of joy; such vigorous brushing off of *kangs*, and settling to rights of babies; such brewing of tea! And then—best of all—the eager talk, and the little prayer time together. And if it is some lonely family, miles from a church or a fellow-Christian, the transfiguring joy on their faces fades with disappointment when we say we must go on.

"But why don't you come oftener than once in a year or two?" they say. We forget so much of what you tell us,—there are many things we need to learn."

"*But why?*" I used to think about it on the way home to the many clamoring cares waiting back in the city; days when I climbed out of the cart, and left the Bible woman and the carter and the mule jogging along together on a long stretch of road, and walked ahead on the little crooked footpath beside the fields. It had been worn hard by the feet of the men driving heavily-laden donkeys to the big fairs; or the women bending low under the mountain-high baskets piled with dry leaves and sticks they had raked together in the fields, and by little children. Somehow walking in the same footpath brought a sense of comradeship with these numberless people whose sturdy independence and thrift and capacity for greater things makes one long to share our best with them. And as I walk along that footpath, ahead of the mule, and look out over the miles of village-dotted plain, I echo, "But why—not?" So many doors waiting to be loved open, so many raw hearts needing comfort, so many keen minds lying unused,—so many new aspirations toward purity and loving kindness that wither and die from lack of tending,—why? Tell me!

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

BY ELIZABETH CLARKE, SOFIA, BULGARIA

I HAVE often thought that if our friends who express so much anxiety for us personally could see what a quiet life we live, how little we see from our attic apartment of the strife in the Balkan Peninsula, they would be amazed. What we do not see, however, we hear about. Every person, every paper, that comes into the house testifies to what is going on. The one topic of conversation is the great problem of the hour. It has been a satisfaction to read in Bulgarian and American papers that there is such a degree of sympathy for the allies in America, as indeed there should be for many reasons. But if only you could come into touch at first hand with this struggle for the freedom of another, not oneself! How I have wished I could be out in the thick of it as Miss Haskell and Miss Saunders and others are in Kirkkillisse, as Mr. Haskell is in Salonica and Mr. Holway is now in Raslog, as Mrs. Mishkoff, our Bible worker, is in the hospitals here in Sofia. As it is I keep on with my quiet and comfortable little home tasks, and I cannot doubt that this is my own special work even now.

We have entertained one wounded soldier twice in our home. He came to the house last summer to bring father's photographs, and in talking about the possibility of war he said, "There must be war; while our brothers in Macedonia are being massacred how can we be content to live our easy life and do nothing about it? I have four children but I shall be the first to enlist." And he was among the first to go. He was one of the artillery in the troops which repulsed Yaver Pasha, men who undertook to invade Bulgaria at Tamrush with the hope of marching on Philippopolis. He was not wounded until the ninth battle, and before that went through severe experiences and witnessed horrors which he cannot tell. What he did tell was bad enough. In one village there seemed to be but few Turkish soldiers who laid down their arms and pretended to surrender. A small garrison was left to hold the place, the rest of the Bulgarian army continuing south after the enemy. They had gone a distance of several days when a driverless donkey with two sacks on his back was noticed near their camp. The sacks were found to contain the heads of their comrades who had been left to garrison that village! The distance back was covered by a forced march at noon the next day, the women and children were ordered out of the place which was then surrounded and burned to the ground. At another time the Bulgarian troops were met by an ox-cart filled with Bulgarian heads. Later they came upon the heaps of bodies. In view of the history of the past, and the unspeakable, barbarous cruelty of the Turks in these last two months, the forbearance of the Bulgarians has been fine. This same soldier testified, as have others, that the men were under strict orders not to harm or pillage the Turkish inhabitants. On one occasion two soldiers brought a lot of honey, found in a Turkish village, into camp. As the Bulgarian idiom is, they "ate a beating" instead of the honey.

In the ninth battle my informant was shot through the lung and had two ribs broken, so that for days he was carried on a stretcher to the Bulgarian frontier. He had plenty of time to think. For days before he was wounded he had been tormented with the translation of the last verse of "Almost persuaded," the thought in Bulgarian being, "Oh, you who have been careless until now, how bitter will be your cry!" He had lived in a Christian home but had hardened himself against its influences. Now as he lay day after day on his stretcher and thought over the experiences of his past life, and the wonderful way in which God had protected him through it all, he realized convincingly that the watchful love that had followed him demanded his love in return, and a new life began for him. He was taken to Philippopolis, where his wounds were further complicated

with pneumonia, and it was thought that he could not possibly recover, but at last he was well enough to be sent here to a hospital. Arriving during the night, he had not patience to wait until morning to see his family. He must see those four little children of his, and so set out in the night, taking three or four hours to walk as many miles to the outskirts of the city where he left his family. Arriving there he had to stop and pray for courage to go in. He had been haunted with the thought that his wife, who is not strong, might have succumbed to sorrow, anxiety and want, and the little ones scattered. He did not tell us what happened when he found them all there, alive and well. The next morning he went to the hospital, and last week was ordered to rejoin his regiment at khatalja.

Will the war continue? Must all that suffering be gone through again? Must every last man of fighting age be killed or maimed for life? Is this nation and its allies to be plunged still deeper into mourning as a reward for throwing themselves whole-heartedly into the cause of the oppressed, and trying to solve for Europe the Eastern Question? Surely God will hear prayer, and yet, "His ways are not our ways"; he may have plans for these nations which require more intimate knowledge of the valley of the shadow of death.

Is it not more important than ever before that as Bulgaria leaves her "low-vaulted past" and builds "more stately mansions," the foundation of all shall be character? I have little doubt that greater Bulgaria is already the goal for many an adventurer, speculator, investor, on the lookout for gold. Shall we who are after souls be less energetic? Shall the children of darkness in this case also be wiser than the children of light?

ENLARGED QUARTERS FOR THE AHMEDNAGAR GIRLS

BY CLARA H. BRUCE

I CANNOT tell you how much all these new buildings mean to us. I wonder sometimes how we ever managed to get along without them all these years. We have an unusually large school this term, and the new dormitories make all the difference in the world in the health and happiness of the girls. There are 121 girls in the Anglo-Vernacular dormitory, about 74 in the vernacular dormitory, and 22 industrial girls in the old dormitories. About 18 of the 121 girls in the Anglo-Vernacular dormitory are also industrial workers, but they are for the present allowed to live in the dormitory instead of keeping house separately. There are eight



THE ÁBBIE B CHILD DORMITORY AT AHMEDNAGAR

teachers in the teachers' houses, with one or two others expected soon. So our whole boarding school family—including the cook-women and matrons—number nearly 235. The reasons why the numbers are so high this term are



THE COOKHOUSE, AHMEDNAGAR GIRLS' SCHOOL

because the Alice House girls have now come over into our boarding school, and more girls than usual have been sent in from the Vadala district.

Work in school is going on smoothly. The new dormitories make it possible to take care of all the girls with much less trouble than we used to have. (See frontispiece.)

Rachmabai Kukas who has been the matron of the Anglo-Vernacular boarding school for two or three years has had to leave us because of ill-health. She is a wonderfully fine woman, and we miss her very, very much. But the substitute who is taking her place temporarily is also doing good work, so I hope that everything will go on all right. The matron's position is certainly in many ways the most important one in the whole school. You will be glad to hear that our Government grant has been raised more than Rs. 400 this year. I dreaded being responsible for the Anglo-Vernacular government examination when Miss Gates was not here; but I am very thankful that things went as well as they did. Indeed, there are such a lot of things this past year for which I am very, very thankful.

Miss Johnson has been having a dreadfully hard time with her fractured and dislocated knee, but is getting a good deal better now. She has been very brave. As for Mrs. Bissell, our hearts just ache for her. I keep thinking so often, too, of dear Miss Emily. How different her return to India will now be from what it would have been!

MARDIN'S NEED AND OPPORTUNITY

BY REV. R. STANLEY EMRICH

NEARLY everyone knows something of the status of woman in the Muslim East. Few, however, realize even to a slight degree, how fundamentally different in this matter are the attitudes of mind represented by Christianity and Islam. Why, for instance, should an Arab grammarian illustrate a feminine form of the declension by citing a perfectly outrageous string of vulgar and indecent descriptives for us unprintable? The question becomes more pressing when we learn that this grammarian is as great a theologian and saint in Islam as is Augustine in the Christian Church. Says Duncan Black Macdonald, speaking of the inner side of Muslim life in his book, *Aspects of Islam*—and every sentence of the following is valuable:

“Then, last, there is a side of the Muslim mind which it is not so difficult to reach as to handle but with which I must deal. It's too important to be left out. The best rubric under which to bring it, although it is a

poor description, is to call it the erotic. But here, as ever in the East, we must distinguish. There is a calmness, a matter-of-factness, a directness about Oriental eroticism which separates it entirely from that of at least modern Europe. The innuendo of the French pornographic novel is lacking, while there is present an exactitude and breadth of description and narrative that no European writer has ever attempted. This has to itself a department of literature in Arabic, one recognized in the native bibliographies. But on one side, these books should never be confused with the books in European literature which booksellers call "curious," and, on



SITE FOR NEW BUILDING. SCHOOLGIRLS PREPARING MATERIAL

another, they are only a specialization or localization of what is scattered through all Arabic literature. It is thus an element in the East with which every student of the East must reckon. If he studies his subject carefully, he cannot escape it, nor should he seek to minimize or disregard it. It is an essential part of the picture before him and cannot safely be left out, as can the similar element in Europe."

It is precisely the presence of this revolting, yet as Professor Macdonald tells us, "essential part of the picture" of Muslim life that makes for the inferiority of woman in the East with all its train of results injurious alike to the individual, the home, and the entire social structure.

It is precisely this that summons the Christian women of America to loyally support the mission school for girls at Mardin, in Mesopotamia, which is working quietly, yet mightily, for the emancipation of the Muslim East from this noxious atmosphere and from the degradation it works in manhood, but particularly in womanhood.

The girls, many of them poor, some of them destitute, all mentally and spiritually starved, enter when twelve years old, yet at a plastic impressionable age. Here



PUPILS AND TEACHERS

they supplement the meagre training they have received at their village schools with courses in mathematics, science, literature, language and Bible. Music, athletics and social life awaken in them new interests. And the home life of the school with its duties for each, with its wholesome training in promptness, neatness, obedience, self-control and the many other qualities which belong to a disciplined character, and, best of all, with the spirit of mutual helpfulness, which is fostered here, is cheering to see. Of course the influence of the school is best seen in the girls of the boarding department who are constantly under the helpful influence of Christian teachers. No more striking evidence of the genuine transformations made and of the enduring, self-perpetuating quality of the new ideals can be cited than the character of the children,



THE WORKMEN TAKING THEIR NOONING

whose parents have had training in the boys' or girls' school, and who are now entering themselves. Beside the children of others certain qualities in these stand out with differentiating clearness; a certain innate courtesy, a certain refinement of character, a sweet reasonableness and receptivity of mind and spirit.

And now after patient waiting these splendid workers, Miss Fenenga, Miss Graf, Miss Dewey, are to have their reward in larger opportunity for service. Counting everything loss for the joy of this service they have wrought patiently and heroically under conditions greatly hampering their usefulness.

At the sacrifice of convenience, good sanitation, health, comfort and efficiency, forty girls have been accommodated in the boarding department while some day pupils come from the city.

Now the piles of building material in the accompanying picture make all hearts glad for principal, teachers and pupils, and indeed all, far and near, who appreciate in any measure the privations endured and the blessings assured, rejoice in hope, a hope not long to be deferred.

In this new building besides ample provision for assembly hall and classrooms, apartments for Miss Fenenga and Miss Graf and rooms for the kindergarten training class and practice kindergarten, there is to be a sleeping room, comfortably housing eighty girls, so doubling the capacity of the boarding department. Here too we shall have some long-desired conveniences,—pleasant rooms for our native teachers, a Turkish bath, a sick room, a kitchen which is really a kitchen and spacious storerooms for wood and food supplies. All this and more for \$6,000. Can there be any difficulty in finding that sum?

Nor should we forget the exceedingly important fact that the common language of our high school is Arabic, the language of Muslim and Christian in all Southwestern Asia—south of Asia Minor. The Arabic opens a wide, wide field for our young men and women from Mardin, and they are to-day found in Christian work more than a thousand miles away from home in Arabic-speaking Egypt, and in the Arabian Mission on the Persian Gulf, and nearer, though yet far away, in Syria and lower Mesopotamia. The importance of this work gains further emphasis from the fact that in all this Arabic-speaking interior of Southwestern Asia this is the only school of high school grade. The only Arabic-speaking school in the interior! And we rejoice that now at length its influence is to be multiplied twofold, threefold, yes many fold in the providence of God.

The new building as it rises symbolizes the permanence of the work to

which it is dedicated, hushes us to reverent silence as it calls to mind the saintly women who have poured out their best for the life of this institution, stirs us to intercession for those whose lives are yet to be poured out and awakens in us all a like spirit of consecration and sacrifice.

THE NEW ARRIVALS AT VAN

Miss Clark and Miss Whittlesey went from New Haven in the autumn to assist for a year in the work at Van, Turkey. The following from Miss Clark tells of their glad welcome after the long and tedious journey.

We are really here in the land of the Turks and among our own dear missionaries in Van, eight thousand miles away from home. We only wish we might have you all here with us, to see how lovely everything is and how good everybody is to us. I want to bring you here as we came, over the mountains in that never-to-be-forgotten caravan trip. It certainly was "the time of our life" as everybody said it would be. Dr. Ussher met us at Tiflis. He is one of the most genial, kind-hearted, happy men I ever saw and watched in every way for our comfort and pleasure. We had a sixteen hours' rail trip through Russia, then a twenty-five mile ride to Igdir. Our caravan trip here commenced in real earnest. We left the Igdir township with a queer kind of an old carriage just laden down with our possessions, three big white horses, and Dirkran, a happy, stalwart Armenian, as our driver. As we climbed the foothills of old Ararat, his majesty loomed up, 1,700 feet or more—a perfect monarch with his white frosty head. Later in the day little Ararat, the twin to Pikes' Peak in height, appeared over the side of Big Ararat in a very beautiful way, both mountains pure white. As the day drew to a close, we reached the little village of Kuzzle-dizzy, our stopping place for the night. Imagine if you can as our apartment, a dungeon with two little peek-a-boo windows way up on the wall. Our good missionary friends had sent us sleeping bags and folding beds, for which we were very thankful. We called for milk, took some of the good things from our stores and had a nice supper despite our surroundings. Four o'clock is the rising hour for caravan trips and we were ready that morning for we had a long day's trip before us. We were to cross Taperus mountain 8,000 feet in height. We hired oxen and buffaloes and I know we must have made a pretty picture as we trudged up the mountain side with our team of four oxen and two Kurdish men. Oh, it was so cold and the snow two feet deep! That night we were housed in the little village of Glaverishana. Our place here was no more palatial

than on the previous night though we could boast of a fireplace, even if our only ray of light came from a hole in the roof. On our next day's trip, while we ate our lunch we were the "observed of all observers." Lunch was served in the carriage and men, women and children with clothes of every hue, tattered and torn, encircled our carriage, watching every mouthful we took. At every place we stopped, the word was passed around "The Van doctor is here,"—and there was always some sick one wishing to have him prescribe. Two days' journey from Van, we telegraphed we were coming. Our next and last night's abiding place capped the climax,—a large stable, very odoriferous, with twenty or thirty oxen and a little corner way up in the end that was our parlor, sitting room and bedroom. We scrambled our eggs and ate our supper, then prepared for our night's rest. Dr. Ussher curtained off a small portion nearest the cattle for his room. The oxen showed a friendly interest, occasionally snuffing around us but we slept fairly well. Thursday was a notable day for us. Our journeyings were to be ended and we were to meet our dear friends way over here in Van. First, we approached Lake Van. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. We were about an hour and a half from Van when looking up we spied a carriage on the hill top containing Miss Ussher, doctor's sister, and little Eleanor and Sidney Ussher. Before we had had time to welcome them, Miss McLaren appeared on horseback—and a little later Miss Bond and the hospital staff of nurses, both men and women. What a warm welcome we had! Flowers were presented to both Miss Whittlesey and myself, and the ladies had prepared the daintiest of luncheons which we spread on steamer rugs and had a nice little picnic. A carriage soon appeared with Dr. and Mrs. Raynolds. They are the mother and father as it were of this mission and such dear people! Then Mrs. Ussher and Neville, the eleven-year-old boy, and Miss Rogers and "our Miss Silliman," arrived. Were we not a merry party? And did we not have a right royal welcome? We surely thought so. But the climax was yet to come. As we entered the gates of the mission compound there stood, lined up on either side, the schoolgirls with their bright, sunny faces, as sweet and happy as any of our own home girls. There were three hundred or more, all ready to greet us with a song of welcome which had been composed for the occasion by Mrs. Ussher. It was a beautiful sight. When we entered the compound we found everything had been done for our comfort and pleasure. We are now pleasantly settled in the Yarrow house. It is as cosy and pleasant a home as one could wish. Miss McLaren is with us. We take our meals over in "Spinsteran," as they

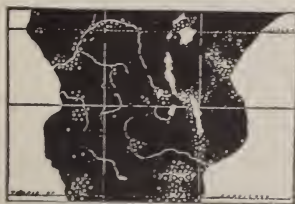
call Miss Rogers' and Miss Silliman's house in the girls' school a short distance away. We know we shall have the best of times. Thursday evening all at the "compound" meet together at one of the houses for supper and a pleasant evening, closing with family prayers. It was delightful that our arrival was on Thursday so that at our first meal we all might be together,—fifteen of us. As yet we have not entered very much into the work, but to-morrow I begin my work in real earnest.

Junior Work

Evangelistic Medical Educational

LIVINGSTONE, THE MISSIONARY EXPLORER

Leaders of children's and young people's societies are strongly urged to replace their regular March programs with a program on David Livingstone, the centenary of whose birth will be celebrated March 19th. The children in school will be hearing much of this hero as an explorer. Let us not fail to emphasize his work from a missionary point of view.



MISSION STATIONS IN AFRICA
BEFORE AND SINCE LIVING-
STONE'S WORK

A PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN 9-14

Aim: To create a longing in the heart of every child present to be like David Livingstone, a missionary hero.

Preparation:

Read at least one good account of Livingstone's life. Blaikie's (50 cents) is the best. There is also a good new one by Sylvester Horne (50 cents), and a book for children, *The Story of David Livingstone* by Vautier Golding (50 cents). Still another is *Livingstone the Pathfinder* by Basil Matthews,

for intermediates (35 cents in paper). Any of these can be ordered from the Board Rooms. At least one is probably in your library. Send to 704 Congregational House for Miss Mendenhall's *Livingstone Hero Stories* (15 cents). Mark out a large map of Africa on the floor (with string and pins) and arrange the children's chairs on the outline. Teach two boys the route of Livingstone's and Stanley's journeys across this continent. Make a chart by enlarging the accompanying maps. Give notice to children at least a week beforehand of the "Palaver" or Contest.

Program :

Hymn : " All hail the power of Jesus' name."

If possible relate anecdote told on p. 30 of Trull's *Five Missionary Minutes*.

Brief Opening Prayer and Business (except roll call).

Main Facts of Livingstone's Life. Develop these by

1. A "palaver" or "big talk" about Livingstone in the form of a roll call, each child responding with one fact about his life, or A question contest of the "North" against the "South" (referring to chair arrangement). The leader should prepare the questions, but give them to a child to ask.
2. Questions by leader to bring out other significant facts as :—
 - a. What kind of home did Livingstone come from? (Poor, etc.)
 - b. Why did he choose to go to Africa?
 - c. Why was it hard to go to this country?
 - d. Does anyone know what Psalm they read at family prayers the morning he left Scotland? (Stop here to read 121st Psalm all together.)
 - e. Can some one trace his journeys and Stanley's? (Boys lay tapes.)
 - f. What did he say when Stanley asked him to go home, etc.?

The Spirit of Livingstone's Work.

1. Two hero tales from his life.

"A Fight with a Lion" and "The Slave Raiders," as told in Miss Mendenhall's *Livingstone Hero Stories*, are especially recommended. Have these told by some one other than the leader.

The Results of Livingstone's Work.

1. Leader's closing talk.

Brief description of how men have honored Livingstone. Ask question "why?" Let children answer. Tell how Africa has been opened up as a result of his sacrifice. Show enlarged maps of Central Africa with white dots for mission stations. Livingstone wanted this for he said, "I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise." Explain. Point out blackness still remaining. There is room for other men like Livingstone in Africa!

Prayer: If the children seem old enough, tell of the prayer he wrote in his journal on his fifty-ninth birthday, just before Stanley found him. Offer a simple prayer similar to it.

"I again dedicate *my whole self* to thee," etc.

Hymn : "Onward Christian Soldiers,"

A PROGRAM FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

By Mrs. James W. Hale

Tools.

Daybreak in the Dark Continent, Naylor; *The Price of Africa*, Taylor; W. B. M. leaflet, *Africa, Three Pioneers*. These books can each be obtained for 35 cents paper cover, from 704 Congregational House, Boston, Mass. If they are not accessible almost any of the books on Livingstone in your library will furnish parallel material. If possible have made a relief map (see *Daybreak*, pp. 12-13) with Livingstone's three journeys (see *Price of Africa*, pp. 48, 73, 77) traced in three colors; a relief map with lines of railway (see *Daybreak*, p. 25) brought to date; two charts showing Livingstone's consecration from the beginning to the end of his life. (For words expressing his early purpose, see *Price of Africa*, p. 53; and for words written on his fifty-ninth birthday, see *Daybreak*, p. 226); a reproduction of Africa and the Cross on the cover of *Daybreak*, with these words underneath: "The people that sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them that sat in the region and shadow of death, to them did light spring up."

Devotional Exercises.

Hymn: "The Son of God goes forth to war."

Scripture: Psalm 121.

Read at family worship the day of Livingstone's departure for Africa.

Prayer.

Crusaders' Hymn: "Fairest Lord Jesus."

Thirty Minute Program.

Aim: To bring out the secret of Livingstone's greatness.

Christ in his heart was the power in his life. He kept in close touch with God.
(See Eph. 1: 18, 19.)

I. The Dark Continent (6 minutes).

1. Before the Christian Era. *Daybreak*, pp. 1-3.
2. From the 1st to the 15th Centuries. *Daybreak*, pp. 3-6.
3. The 16th, 17th and 18th Centuries. *Daybreak*, pp. 6-8.

II. The King of Explorers (12 minutes).

1. Busy Davie, the Boy. *Africa, Three Pioneers: Price*, pp. 53, 54.
2. Livingstone, the Missionary. *Price*, pp. 54-60.
3. How the Missionary became the Explorer. *Price*, pp. 61-66.

III. The Way of the Cross (5 minutes).

Stanley said: "If you look at the illustration of his route, you will see that it is the rude figure of the Cross." See tracing of first journey.

1. A Heart Sacrifice. *Price*, pp. 67, 68; *Daybreak*, p. 225.
2. A Life Sacrifice, *Price*, pp. 68-70, 82; *Daybreak*, p. 228.
- IV. Was It Worth While? (7 minutes.)
 1. Man's Measure.
 - (a) Livingstone's Legacy. *Daybreak*, p. 223; *Price*, pp. 85-87.
 - (b) Livingstone and Stanley. *Price*, pp. 80, 81; *Daybreak*, pp. 227, 228; *Africa, Three Pioneers*.
 2. God's Measure.

The measure laid down by Christ, Matt. 14: 24, 25; accepted by his disciples, II. Tim. 2: 11, 12; I. Peter 4: 12, 13.

Consecration Service of Prayer.

Hymn: "O God of Bethel."

This favorite hymn of Livingstone was sung to the tune "Tallis" at his burial service in Westminster Abbey. "Tallis" is a chant and may be found in *Songs for Social and Public Worship*, published 1864.



For list of officers see second page of cover

PROBLEMS AND PLEASURES

BY EDITH PARSONS, BROUSA, TURKEY

Saturday afternoon we sallied forth to make calls, as that is the proper thing at this season, but we only made three for by the time we reached the fourth place, they were at dinner, though it was only five o'clock. We went to the Turkish teacher's home and saw her mother and sister, and then to some relatives of a girl who had stopped coming to school. We saw only her "in-law" relatives, a sister-in-law and her father, mother and children. They are most charming people! The sister-in-law and her sisters have all been to the college in Constantinople, and one is quite a leader in the Young Turk movement. The father spoke Turkish, but I understood a little, and the others told me the rest afterwards. His idea is that the Powers planned this war, because they thought that under the rule of

the Young Turks education would spread through the nation, and thence to the Mohammedan world, and Pan-Islamism would become a danger. Of course all these people are Mohammedans. He apparently conceded the loss of European Turkey, but said they would educate their people in Asia and still be a great nation. . . . We begin to hear reports of an armistice, and future peace, so we hope the war is nearly over. It has left problems enough in its train to last and keep us busy for some time.

The problem of just what to do with Macedonia seems as far as ever from solution, but the problem of what to do this winter for and with the thousands of refugees pouring into Constantinople and across into Asia must be settled somehow right away. Apparently all Mohammedan Europe, whether molested by the armies or not, is just picking up its things and "trekking" back home. And as *The Orient* observes, they go almost exactly as they came four hundred years ago,—four hundred years in Europe has made no difference.

Well, the American school at Brousa faced the problem of what to do with them by denying themselves, so as to give a pilaf dinner to as many as possible, and the day scholars who didn't have a chance to sacrifice dinner, brought in rice from their homes, so that we really had a good deal, and Mrs. S., one of our Protestant church people, and mother of one of our girls, saw to the cooking and the distributing. Now we are going to devote our Christian Endeavor treasury to buying onions for them. The government gives them nothing but bread. The alacrity with which our Armenian girls respond to the request for sacrifice in order to feed Turkish refugees is a joy to behold.

Last week was a strenuous one. In the first place, we had a wedding Tuesday night, the former French teacher of the school having been married. She wanted the older girls and the teachers to come to the wedding and to sing. There was no reception; the ceremony was at the church. She is a Protestant, and wanted a Protestant wedding. And the bridegroom speaks only French. Now a French Protestant pastor is not such an easy thing to find in the Orient on short notice, and I don't think they allowed quite time enough for quarantine. When they did get one, he was not French but a South German, though he spoke French. However the boat was ever so long in quarantine and we were hanging on "the ragged edge" all the afternoon wondering if he would come. We went down to the church at half past eight, and the marriage took place at half past ten. The poor pastor had been on the deck of one of the little boats for two days and a night and had had nothing

to eat. But we had a French Protestant wedding and it was very pretty and the girls sang well. Then as the gentleman had had such a struggle to get here, he stayed over the next day and night, and we had a little vesper communion service for the foreign Protestant colony, partly in German and partly in French. It was very nice to go to church and understand something again.

Miss Jillson, who, one might think, has enough to do with supervising the school-teaching, keeping all the accounts, and giving oversight to the house-keeping, is now engaged in superintending the associated charities, which is being run at an emergency pressure. When we heard that wounded soldiers were coming, Miss Jillson and one of the church ladies went to the government offices to ask if there was anything we could do to help; they said they would let us know, but they did not do so. Not very long ago Mr. Peet wrote from Constantinople asking us to investigate the situation as regards the refugees, and said the Red Cross would furnish funds. So Miss Jillson went to the government again, and this time was received courteously. I think they were tired of wrestling with the problem, so there is a committee partly Turkish and partly our Protestant Armenian women, and several of the men of the church.

The first work was getting some clothing and blankets. We have more refugees in our region than anywhere else. We all tied up bundles of clothes Wednesday and Thursday, and Miss Jillson and the government officials gave them out. The government hopes that when peace is declared, the refugees will return to their home. Mr. Peet wants the Red Cross money, as far as possible, to go for permanent help, getting the people settled, giving seed corn, farming implements and such things as will help them to start life again.

OUR NEW BUILDING

This description of the new building at Kyoto for the girls' department of the Doshisha, has been written by several of the Japanese students.

At the beginning of last summer, I received some very delightful information. Of course it was that our school would have a new building. Since then I have been waiting and waiting for its completion. Sometimes I felt very vexed, for it seemed to my longing heart that the work did not progress at all. But I was very hopeful when I saw that the big corner stones were laid, then the stones and bricks were laid, little by little every day. Thus while I was waiting and longing, at last it was completed. It was just a whole year from beginning to end, but to my thought it seemed

more than five or ten years. Thus we were given a new schoolhouse. It is so splendid and grand! It is very high and covered with red tiles. It is one of the most splendid buildings I have seen in Japan. The cost of this building is thirty-eight thousand yen, and the area is 184.5 tsubo. It faces the south. Large stone steps are in the front; if we enter there is the professors' room with table and chairs and a nice floor, which is very different from the other rooms, and it is joined together with polished boards of rectangular shape, and the wall is pure white. There are also four class rooms and a large chemistry room on the lower floor; and there are five big class rooms and a sewing room on the upper floor. Every room has two entrances; the brass handles of the doors are glittering like gold.

When I entered first in this school about ten years ago, there were not so many buildings as now, but only those two old buildings at the west side, which are now used for office and drawing rooms, and besides these there was only a dirty, unhealthy dormitory which was taken down three years ago. There appeared many ladies of genius who are raising our dear school's fame even beyond the seas.

We are very proud of the fact that we have one more thing that we can enjoy with the new building—we have a nice high tower. To look from this tower on all sides, our eyes will be filled with fine and beautiful views. On the northeast, high Mt. Hiei is towering in the far distance, and other chains of mountains; on the other hand many roofs of the city are sparkling reflecting the sun's rays. In the front of the school there is the park where are many pine trees and other kinds of trees, and a few majestic houses in which our ancient emperors lived.

If people come up to this high place, and look all around, they will certainly feel the great power of God. This is a favorite place in our new building. Thus the surroundings of our new schoolhouse are very beautiful and attractive. We are happy that we can study surrounded by these beautiful scenes and in this splendid house.

* * * * *

Did you ever see our new building, finished this last September?

It is a fair brick house, facing the park; beautiful to see, comfortable to live in, big enough to let many pupils in, and bright enough to read a book in every corner.

It bears the name of Pacific Hall. What a graceful and splendid name it is. It sounds to the ears sweet and calm; and when it sounds to the heart, it rings out something big, broad, peaceful, and yet bright and full

of life, till my heart becomes bright, and calm as its name signifies. The name is also very becoming to the house: fair to see, not because it has many ornaments on the wall, but it has an attractive atmosphere. . . . Do you know why this building is so different from the others, and looks so beautiful and pure, yet firm and reliable? It is the very crystal of the sweet, true and pure love of many ladies of that country along the Pacific Ocean of the Land of Liberty. This is the origin of this graceful name.



PACIFIC HALL (SEIWAU-KAU). DOSHISHA GIRLS' SCHOOL

Beautiful to look at, the glorious sunset from the tower: beautiful to look at, the excellent surroundings from the windows of the class rooms: but there is nothing so beautiful as this building of crystal of the Godlike spirit of those noble ladies, and nothing so precious unto this school and to us.

**"friends, whereso'er ye be, in shine or sadness,
In careless couching or in deadly fray,
Throw wide your life-gates, that with Easter gladness,
The Life of Life may come!
Make way! Make way!"**

OUR FIELD CORRESPONDENTS

Miss Caroline Silliman writes from Van, Turkey:—

I have seen two of our sister stations now in the Eastern Turkey Mission and my feeling toward them is so different from what it was before that I shall not be content until I have visited Mardin and Harpoot. We are making enthusiastic plans for the meeting here next summer. We are trying to decide on the best dining-room arrangement, where the meetings will best be held, whom to put in which room, where the tents are to be placed. Mr. Riggs made a suggestion in Erzroom that we have even more time given to prayer. We all felt the wisdom of the suggestion. Artimed will be such a quiet, restful, beautiful spot for the meeting.

We had a telegram Sunday saying that Miss Clark and Miss Whittlesey had left Constantinople and were expecting to reach Batoum to-day, the twenty-ninth. Dr. Ussher left us to meet them on the twenty-third and we hope that they will meet in Tiflis. They doubtless would like to stay in Tiflis awhile because it is a very interesting city, but Doctor will have to hurry them along to pass the high mountain on the road before the snow becomes too deep. We have had a heavy rain here and I am afraid that they will have some difficulty as it is. Dr. Ussher has had a good deal of experience and is very resourceful. We shall try to give them a happy year. If work and plenty of it will make it so, they will be happy to the highest degree. Our visitors are to occupy the Yarrow house with Miss McLaren. The "Spinsteran" table will be quite well filled this year. We expect to enjoy "the new ladies" very much.

The building has been getting along finely, and we rejoice with each day's growth. The roof is going on. The carpenters and sawyers have been racing with the clouds. It was half covered when the boards began to give out, and work as fast as they could there was still quite an open space when last night began one of the hardest rains I have seen in Van. Early this morning I made a tour of inspection and to my great relief found that there had been very little real damage done. You see as yet there are only the bare walls with the floor timbers and supporting pillars set in. If more inside work had been done the story would have been different. Within three or four days the roof will be complete and then we shall be ready for rain, snow or whatever may come.

We are so happy and grateful for the new school and all the additional ground it brings us. The boys' school treated us very generously indeed, leaving us all their space and being satisfied with the girls' school fund paying for only half of their new situation. We have by far the better part of the bargain. We shall try to get everything in fine order about the premises so as to show them off properly to the annual meeting friends. Everyone likes the plan of the building. I never go into it without a new feeling of thankfulness. It was helpful to us to have the boys' school building well under way before ours was started because we have been able to make several improvements.

The kindergarten is more attractive than ever. I cannot quite make out whether the difference is in the children or in my way of looking at them. I imagine it is both. The small boys and girls certainly are dear. They seem to enjoy the school more than in any previous year and take hold of each new bit of work with much enthusiasm. This year by means of a gift from a friend at home we have been able to take in several poor children. We have never had any free children in the kindergarten and though the rule is a good one I have often longed to take in some of the poor little waifs I have seen about and make them happy. The experiment has proved worth while and I shall not be content to give it up. One of these children is a little girl whose father is dead. They rent about half of their house for six or eight dollars a year, and besides that they have only a little which their mother can earn by sewing. You can imagine that they do not live sumptuously. The two older girls are in the fourth and fifth classes and all three are very bright. I imagine that some of them may be numbered among our teachers some day. The mother of another little girl was accidentally shot last spring. They are not absolutely destitute but could not have paid the kindergarten tuition of two dollars. Their home is so sad I wanted to get the child into a brighter place. She is such a little thing and yet she learns all the songs, poems and games and repeats them at home. Her father is so pleased and often remarks, "Christ makes wonderful prayers," and she never allows her father to retire at night without her saying a kindergarten prayer. Each child is so interesting!

It is so good to have Miss Rogers here again with her enthusiasm. All the teachers and pupils seem to be enjoying their work. We often talk together about the new school and all it will mean to us, and pupils and teachers are looking forward with as much pleasure to it as we are.

Miss Susan W. Orvis writes from Talas, Turkey in Asia :—

What about the conditions prevailing here during the war with the Allies? Naturally it would cause considerable disturbance to have an army advancing against the capital. In any country the people would be excited and apprehensive, but imagine the situation when race and religion enter into the count. The worst feature of it for us far away in the interior is that the different classes are all in mortal fear each of the other lest a general massacre take place. The women of Talas spend their nights watching and listening in fear and trembling. A bonfire one night last week in Cesarea, seen from here, was the occasion of such wild demonstrations of grief and terror that the officers had to come from the Turkish quarter to inquire what it meant. We are not inclined to fear any danger. The government is taking measures to maintain order and prevent trouble. Until the war is ended the time is critical, however, and we can only wait and pray for this land which is already burdened so heavily. The loss of life is terrible and cholera is added. Several wagon loads of wounded soldiers have just returned and some will probably be taken into our hospital. Meanwhile our schools are going on just as usual and there is little fear manifested by our pupils.

Dr. Proctor writes in a personal letter from Ahmednagar :—

You have heard of the loss to our mission in the sudden death of Mr. Bissell. We are still dazed by the event which has brought so tremendous a change here, and feel so sorry for Mrs. Bissell. I have not known them long, but had learned to appreciate Mr. Bissell in a measure. He was such a gifted man, with a command of the language as very few foreigners attain; and so sympathetic and kind that he went straight into the hearts of the people. It takes years for such a person to develop. Dr. Hume said "The way to spell sympathy is B-I-S-S-E-L-L." The cloud is so heavy over our station that we can think of little else.

I am glad I am here. Dr. Eleanor Stephenson, who was here with Dr. Ruth Hume, has gone home on furlough, and Miss Johnson, the superintendent of the nurses in the hospital, is laid up for a few weeks with a broken leg and dislocated knee; and the hospital assistant—a native girl—has just left, so Dr. Ruth has her hands quite full. I am of little use until I learn a little of the language; but I can wait on Miss Johnson in English, as well as assist in operations in the same language—I have quite a fluent operating-room vocabulary stored away in the recesses of my memory. I am surprised to find quite cool weather here—about 58 degrees in the mornings; to-day it was 74 degrees in the afternoon on a shaded veranda. Can Nova Scotia be any more delightful?



Our Work at Home

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

Candidates and the Auxiliary

The officers of the Board want to open a subject with our auxiliaries which we have not previously discussed much, viz.,—the subject of *candidates for service in our mission fields*.

Would not our auxiliaries like to join with us in solicitude, in prayer, in search for young women equipped and willing to go to the front?

You have some advantages in the auxiliary circles which enable you to make discoveries along this line. You are close to the base of supplies. The young women who might go are to be found in some church, in some college, in some normal school; why not possibly in *your* church, in *your* neighboring college, in *your* town normal school?

Have the auxiliary officers thought to look about for this? We imagine you as replying, "We did not know you wanted us to help that way. There is a secretary of the Board whose business it is to look up candidates, is there not?" Yes, but she is even now planning how she can secure your co-operation in this great business. She wants many eyes to scan the field for her, many hearts to be warmly engaged in prayer that the Searcher of hearts may call choice souls into this service. You may hear more of her hopes in the days ahead. To begin with please take this matter into your thought, and

1. Let each president use three minutes at her next auxiliary meeting to present the need of candidates and the inviting possibility of that society or that church making a gift of life as well as a gift of money.

2. Let earnest prayer be offered then and in many succeeding meetings for prosperity in the search after a life.

3. If you are ready now to suggest any name as a possibility for investigation, please write to Miss Helen B. Calder, home secretary of the Board.

M. L. D.

The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few.

Pray ye therefore.

PRAYER CYCLE FOR MARCH

"He that spared not His Own Son"

A careful review of our responsibility, and prayer for a higher standard of Christian stewardship; for a new era of systematic and proportionate giving for foreign missions in the light of our resources; for higher standards of service in our Women's Missionary Societies; for all native pastors that they may live holy lives.

Prayer for Africa. For missionaries who suffer deprivation, and are in danger from climate; for lonely, discouraged workers; for better government. Praise for what God wrought through David Livingstone, whose centennial is celebrated; for the people who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death, that upon them light may shine.

TWO WORKERS TAKEN

The passing of Miss Mary C. Torrey of Burlington, Vt., which occurred at her life-long home, January 12th, removes a gracious and beloved personality, long prominent in all good works in that northern city and brings a sense of bereavement to all missionary workers in the state which is shared by many far beyond its borders. Miss Torrey was the daughter of Prof. Joseph Torrey of the University of Vermont and was educated largely under her father's direct guidance. In her youth she taught for a time in Hartford under Thomas K. Beecher and afterwards in her native city. She lived her long life of eighty years in the house where she was born and for more than fifty years she was a teacher in the Sunday school of the First Congregational Church of which she was a devoted member and for whose centennial in 1904 she wrote two beautiful hymns. She was instrumental in the founding of the Home for Destitute Children, was a valued member of the woman's club and prominent in all local charities.

But perhaps the work to which she devoted the greater part of her time and strength was that of the Vermont Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions in which for thirty years she filled the office of foreign secretary. Her duty it was to correspond with the missionaries supported by the Branch and those carrying on the schools and evangelistic work to which the women of the state had pledged aid, and to report this work and its needs to the societies at home. It was a labor of love, into which she put

the exactness and fidelity of her strong character as well as the winsomeness and loving thoughtfulness which were no less a part of her charm. Her reports had a minuteness and a personal acquaintance with the work which were amazing when one realized that she had never visited a mission field. "Our missionaries" were to her like members of her own household and in many far mission stations the news of her death will bring a feeling of sore loss, while her long friendly letters will be greatly missed by those to whom they brought a sense of leisure and companionship, rare in this hurrying age. Only last September did she regretfully lay down her work, rejoicing in the fact that her mantle fell on one whom she loved and who is a partaker of her own spirit,—Miss Katharine F. Worcester.

She was taken ill on Christmas night with pneumonia and had not the vitality to rally and her last word, spoken as she was lifted to look out upon a glorious earthly sunset, was "Beautiful," breathed perchance as she caught sight also of the heavenly dawning.

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It was on the bright Christmas morning that Helen Coit Means opened her eyes on the heavenly land. Mrs. Means was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Joshua Coit of Winchester, Mass.,—names honored in home and foreign missionary organizations. In 1893 she married the Rev. Frederick H. Means of Boston and during his pastorate at Windham, Conn., she endeared herself to the women of the Eastern Connecticut Branch by her sunny, helpful ways. Later in Winchester she was active in the Andover and Woburn Branch and in the Mothers' Association, always eager to "give of her best for the Master." The past four years in Madison, Me., where her husband is now pastor of the Congregational church she has exerted the same strong, winning influence, giving to the work of the Woman's Board the impetus of her own ardent spirit and the force of her inheritance and training. Her illness was a brief one and she was mercifully spared acute suffering. Besides her husband and three sons, she leaves her mother and two brothers, with a wide circle of friends who are recalling the words written of her years ago by the late Mrs. Samuel J. Elder of Winchester,—

"You have but to look into her eyes
To see God's garden there,—a glad surprise
That makes the day a happier one to live."

THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT.

At this time we are able to report only the gifts which were received up to the close of 1912, therefore the total is not greatly increased since the figures were last given in *LIFE AND LIGHT*. The golden anniversary gift on January 1, 1913, amounted to \$28,825.68.

Of the three buildings which were presented in our booklet as the first needs to be met, Van was quickly provided for; \$3,000 more is needed for Mardin, and for the Smyrna site \$1,200 is still lacking. These balances we hope to raise soon and now are ready to add some new objects for the friends who are working to make these years before our golden anniversary in 1917 notable in the history of our schools.

The oldest school of the Woman's Board is in Uduvil, Ceylon, and it dates back even before the formation of our Board, having been started in 1824. In this long period the school has had only two buildings, the original one having been replaced by our Board in 1882. The English-vernacular department is an important part of the Uduvil girls' boarding school, daughters of the Tamil people even being glad to have the advantages which it offers. More and more the knowledge of English is coming to be considered a necessity of education in Ceylon and this school has every prospect of a great future if it can be properly developed. The government stands ready to help such a school by a substantial grant, but it is necessary to house it adequately in order to keep up to the government standard. For a suitable building \$25,000 is the sum needed.

Our school in Aintab, Turkey, was provided with a new building not many years ago, but since that time the growth of the school has been so rapid that they have filled it to overcrowding and additional room is a necessity. They ask us to provide another building which shall supply them with class rooms, and so relieve the older building for dormitory purposes. \$5,280 will do this.

At Sivas, Turkey, one of our most promising schools has long ago outgrown its present quarters, the school work even having crowded two of the American teachers out of their rooms. A new site has been obtained where all the American Board schools will be grouped together with adequate room and in suitable surroundings. To put our new girls' school building on this property will call for \$12,000.

These three buildings will offer to the friends of our work most attractive opportunities for gifts, even the most generous, and all may be sure that the money so expended will be instrumental in bringing many girls under Christian influences.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT RIVERTON

A YEAR OF PROGRESS

Chapter III

A CHANGE IN OFFICERS

"Oh, there's one other thing I suppose I ought to have brought up! I had forgotten all about it," exclaimed Mrs. Muchmore glancing apologetically from one to another of the officers. They had gathered at the president's home for an unhurried consideration of certain problems and projects connected with their society's work for the coming year, and had spent the preceding hour and a half in earnest discussion and prayer. So delightful and valuable an afternoon had it been that the ladies paused a minute before gathering up their wraps, to express their appreciation to Mrs. Long.

"Why not have a preliminary officers' meeting like this every month?" Mrs. Cheseboro was just suggesting eagerly when Mrs. Muchmore broke in with her belated business.

"Of course I suppose it could wait," she continued, "but it's not a matter of any importance and I'd like to get it off my mind. It won't take but a minute."

Mrs. True gave a hurried glance at the clock and the others turned back reluctantly. Mrs. Cheseboro continued her remarks to Mrs. Long in a lower tone.

"A suggestion has just come from the Branch that we have a new officer," began Mrs. Muchmore, quite indifferent to the unpropitious atmosphere at once created by this introduction. "She's to be called a 'Junior Lookout' and manage all the children's work—or something of the sort. It didn't seem to me that it was anything we'd care to bother with, so I didn't pay much attention. But I wrote that I'd speak of the matter, so I had to mention it."

There was a second of silence followed by a slight rustle as several ladies moved toward the door and by an exaggerated and tragic sigh from the newly appointed chairman of the nominating committee.

"Does the Branch often make such helpful suggestions," the author of the sigh asked laughingly, "and have they sent directions for manufacturing officers?"

"Perhaps the 'Branch' never served on a nominating committee," some one else remarked lightly and added, "but we haven't any Junior work, have we? I shouldn't suppose there was really any need of an officer to manage it!"

"Why, we used to have a Mission Band," said Mrs. Thayer. She had been much away from home for the last few years, but as an ex-president was always gladly welcomed when in Riverton. "And there's a cradle roll—isn't there? Or perhaps it's a Sunday-school roll. I presume the Christian Endeavor Society would come under that heading of 'Junior' also."

"Well," submitted Mrs. True with another glance at the clock, "the Mission Band has not met for several years—not since the Hillman sisters left. It's a pity, too, for the children were fond of it. But I don't see what we have to do with that or the Christian Endeavorers. Why should one of our officers 'manage' them?"

"I wonder just how much the children and young people are being taught about missions nowadays," Mrs. Long ruminated. "I scarcely remember hearing them spoken of in the society since I became president."

"Has your Sunday school superintendent begun giving them short lessons each Sunday?" asked Mrs. Thayer again. "That would make up for the Mission Band somewhat. At Hollis where I was last winter it was really remarkable to see how eager the children were for the missionary five minutes each Sunday."

When it became apparent that no one could speak for the Sunday school, Mrs. Long broke the embarrassed silence.

"Do you know," she said, "I believe we ought to find out what the children are learning, even if we do nothing about another officer. Wouldn't your rules about 'habits' apply in missionary work just as in other things, Mrs. Cheseboro?" The secretary, who had delivered a paper on that subject before the mothers' association the previous week, nodded smilingly. "Mrs. Cheseboro, won't you, then, and Mrs. Thayer and Mrs. True be a temporary committee for looking up what is being done at our church for the young people and children, and report next Friday at our meeting? I believe—yes, of course it *is* a thing we ought to take an interest in," she ended.

"If you would all do what investigating you can it would help the committee," Mrs. Cheseboro urged as they passed down the steps. "Really, I don't know to whom to go. If we only had such an officer as the Branch proposes I suppose she would be informed."

Mrs. Muchmore, to whom the remark was addressed, smiled vaguely and a bit uncomfortably. Her interest in things missionary had but recently passed the stage of pure convention, and although she was now truly eager to do all she could as chairman of the foreign department—still

what had the children of the church or a "Junior Lookout" to do with work for the women of China and India! "Did you ever!" was her mental ejaculation as she thought it over at home; nevertheless she reread the letter requesting the appointment of a new officer and searched the wastebasket for the descriptive leaflet which the "Branch" had sent.

The Riverton Missionary Society, which in its eagerness to reach the more interesting part of the program had listened a trifle impatiently to various matters of business, suddenly pricked up its ears in astonishment. Mrs. Long with more than usual seriousness in her face had stepped forward a bit from the table and was earnestly describing the last few minutes of their preliminary officers' meeting. "After the others had left," she went on, "I couldn't seem to get the thought of the children out of my head. It came back to me how my mother had told me over and over about the missionaries she knew and how she and our children's mission band had patiently trained me until a sense of a personal responsibility for the work became a very part of my character. I can honestly confess that but for that teaching—as the twig is bent so the vine will grow,' I can remember my mother often quoted—but for that I should certainly not be here to-day."

There was a minute of hushed reminiscence on the part of her audience before she continued.

"And then the next day I came across an article in one of the missionary magazines which after saying all this went on to show how the future of this wonderful missionary work depends on the very children whom we are training—or not training—now. I had not thought of it in just that way before, but it is true, isn't it? The article did not stop there, however. It pointed out that there was no organization in the church which existed just for missionary work except our women's societies, and that if we did not take upon ourselves responsibility for seeing that the children are trained, it often happened that no one else would. I am ashamed—ashamed," she repeated, flushing, "but I have positively no idea whether this church does anything at all in bringing missionary education to its young people or not! Perhaps the committee," turning to Mrs. Cheseboro, "can report now so that the situation will be before us for discussion."

"May I just suggest another thought, first?" exclaimed Mrs. True, jumping to her feet. "When I went home the other night my fifteen-year-old Mabel asked where I had been. 'Well, I should think you'd hate to waste so much time and money for the old heathen,' she remarked, when I told her. 'What do they want of our religion anyway; they've all got their own, and anyhow if they hadn't, you can bet I wouldn't give them a red cent. People ought to look out for themselves.'" Mrs. True's voice was low as she went on, "Of course it must be my fault that she feels so but even if we were not caring for anything else but—but beauty of char-

acter in our own children we might well scan the missionary training which they are receiving, I think."

Then Mrs. Cheseboro reported. What she said was brief and to the point. The Sunday-school cradle roll did not believe in asking for money—even pennies—and so left out all missionary features. As for the main school the superintendent said the scholars gave their money and he guessed that was all that was necessary; "but the children have no idea where their gifts go," interpolated Mrs. Cheseboro. The Mission Band had died of neglect several years before and stayed dead for the same reason. The Junior Endeavor Society had a few members, but its leader had no time to look up material for missionary topics and so omitted that variety altogether.

"And the Senior Society is supposed to have a missionary committee, but no one is on it at present, and I couldn't find anybody who knew what the American Board or the Woman's Board or the American Missionary Association were. Their money, what there is of it, goes for work in the city, and the president told me quite frankly that he thought foreign missions narrow-minded! There is absolutely no organization through which a knowledge of missions can come to Mrs. True's daughter or to my own Ruth," Mrs. Cheseboro concluded, "and I am sorry to add that when I talked with her about it she spoke in much the same way as Mabel."

A general discussion and comparison of notes followed. Mrs. Thayer described the work she had seen done in other places.

"I should think it would be well for us to aim to get missionary instruction into at least one organization for every age," she advised. "We'd better begin with that so as to work up to the giving later, don't you think so?"

"Oh, why have we been asleep so long!" and "How are we going to go about this education?" exclaimed the chairman of the nominating committee and Mrs. Anderson together.

Mrs. Long glanced toward Mrs. Muchmore, but that chairman of the foreign department was already on her feet.

"We must have a new officer," she announced with conviction. "A good many other societies are taking this same step and appointing what they call 'Junior Lookouts.' Riverton ought not to be behind. It seems there's an officer called a Junior Secretary in this Branch of the—the Woman's Board, I believe it is. She wants to increase and improve the young people's work in all their churches just as we do in this one, and she knows a good deal more about it. The Lookout can consult with her to find out the best way to go at things and to get advice and suggestions about courses of study and program material—it seems there is plenty of it if we only knew where to look. Then she'll talk it all over with us; and with her to lead the way we'll see what we can do to better matters. It would be strange if a group of women like us couldn't do about all we wanted to, wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Muchmore paused significantly then hurried on; "I may as well tell you frankly that when the suggestion first came, I didn't stop to consider it.

But I've been doing some thinking and studying into it—some before and some since I came, this afternoon and—and,”—every woman in the room remembered the beautiful “missionary” mother because of whom Mrs. Muchmore was a member of the society,—“and Madam President,” the daughter of that mother ended abruptly, “I move we elect a Junior Lookout at once, and that we help her all we can.”

“Madam President,” said the chairman of the nominating committee very quickly, “I want to be the one to second that motion.”

And so it came about that the Branch Junior Secretary received a letter two days later from Mrs. Cheseboro. “Come over and help us” seemed to be its burden, and the secretary recalling her previous experience with this writer's society silently thanked God and bought a ticket to Riverton—unwonted extravagance though the latter was!

Mrs. Cheseboro, whom the society had elected as its first “Lookout,” explained the situation and all that had led up to it to her guest as they lingered at the luncheon table. “I had to resign the secretaryship to take this new office, of course,” she said. “I didn't want to at first, but when I thought of my own daughter a ‘no’ was impossible. And now that they've made me ‘Lookout’ I want to begin at once!”

“What is the situation like now?” asked the Junior Secretary. And before either knew it the clock was striking four.

“And she told me where to get just the right material for the Junior Endeavor topics and all about a Branch Conference that's to be held soon when that poor, discouraged superintendent can meet some other workers. And she explained why we ought to have missions taught in the Sunday school. It's so important I don't see why we've never attended to it before. And—”

“But can you convince the superintendent?” Mrs. Muchmore, who had run over in the evening to learn the results of the conference, inquired. “It's Mr. Anderson now, isn't it?”

“Yes, I think I can after I've had Mrs. Anderson sowing seed for a few weeks,” the Lookout answered, laughing. “I'm going over to furnish her the seed to-morrow!”

“And the girls?” asked her guest again.

“Oh, we've got the finest idea for them! Really do you know, Mrs. Muchmore, this is one of the best things we've done in our society for years. It's going to bring in women who haven't been coming to the meetings, and it's going to get the children started along the right track in missionary things, and it will make the church more of a center for them besides,—to say nothing of the extra money it will bring for our work—”

“And the extra impetus it gives to each of us ourselves,” interrupted Mrs. Muchmore. “Do you know on the strength of this vision I've persuaded my sister to promise—”

But that is another story for which we have no time, though at the Board Rooms it is said that not only the children and the grown-ups and the church, the Branch and the regular Board work profited by the appointment of that Lookout, but the Golden Anniversary Gift as well!

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS

CHINA.—The *Missionary Review* for February devotes itself chiefly to China, and has the following articles besides editorial comment: "Chinese Mohammedanism," "Present Conditions of Missionary Work in Western China," "Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China," "A Chinese Preacher's Institute," "How China's Religions Fail."

TURKEY.—"The Balkan War," *Missionary Review*, February. "The Balkan Main Current," *Edinburgh Review*, January. "Personal Observations During the Balkan War," *Nineteenth Century*, January. The January *Fortnightly Review* has several articles bearing on the Balkan situation.

JAPAN.—"Japan's Commercial Crisis," *Century*, February. "Will Japan Ever Fight the United States?" *McClure's*, February.

F. V. E.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from December 18, 1912, to January 1, 1913

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

Friend, 5 00

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bangor, All Souls Ch., 28, Forest Ave. Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., 3; Lincoln, C. E. Soc., 3.40; Thomaston, Aux., 16, 50 40

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Benton Falls, Ch., 3; Bridgton, South, Aux., 5; Portland, State St. Ch., Aux., 164.10, Woodfords Ch., Aux., 46.92, S. S., 2.33; Richmond, Ch., 1; Westbrook, Ch., 3.20; Wilton, Ch., 7. Less expenses, 8.89, 223 71

Total, 274 11

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 North Spring St., Concord. Andover, Ch., 1; Bradford Center, Ch., 1; Concord, Aux. (25 of wh. by Mrs. Edward A. Moulton to const. L. M. Miss Annie M. Moulton, 25 of wh. by Mr. Edward A. Moulton to const. Memorial L. M. Mrs. Edward A. Moulton), 133.15; Derry, Central Ch., Aux., 23; East Andover, Ch., 3; Goffstown, Aux., 3.76; Hinsdale, Ch., 20; Keene, First Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. Harriette M. Aldrich, Mrs. Chloe P. H. Evers, Mrs. Carrie K. Hersey, Mrs. Carrie H. Hill), 69; Littleton, S. S. Prim. Dept., Birthday Off., 1.94, Kathleen M. Lynch, 1; Lyndeboro, Ch., 2.40; Milton, Ch., Ladies, 3; Nelson, Miss Edith Osgood, 10; Raymond, Aux., 10; Salisbury, Ch., 1; Swanzy, Aux., 13.50; Temple, Ch., 3. *Jubilee*, Concord, 5, 304 75

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford. Mrs. C. M.

Lamson, 20; Albany, Ch., 5; Ascutneyville, Aux., Th. Off., 12.50; Barre, Ch., 26.96; Barton, Aux., 37; Bellows Falls, Woman's Assoc., 2.10; Bennington, Second Ch., 9.38; Berkshire, East, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Brattleboro, Second Ch., S. S., 5; Burlington, College St. Ch., Finding Out Club, 10; Chelsea, Aux., 15; Colchester, Aux., 5.50; Danville, Aux., Th. Off., 11; Essex Junction, Aux., Th. Off., 17; Glover, West, Aux., 6.25; Greensboro, Jr. C. E. Soc., 6; Irasburg, Aux., 2; Londonderry, Ch., 51 cts.; Manchester, Aux., 46.84; Marlboro, Ch., 1.50; Milton, Aux., Th. Off., 16.35; Morrisville, Aux., Th. Off., 10.50; Newport, Aux., Th. Off., 51.75; Pawlet, Ch., 2; Pittsford, S. S., 4.25; Post Mills, Aux., Th. Off., 8.75; Randolph, Woman's Miss. Union, 2; Royalton, Sarah Skinner Mem. Soc., 2.50; Saxton's River, Merry Rills, 2; Jr. C. E. Soc., 3; Sheldon, Ladies' Club, 5; Springfield, Jr. M. B., 12.60; Stowe, Aux., 1; Underhill, Aux., Th. Off., 5.60; Westminster Club, 1.35, 370 19

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. E. S. Gould, Treas., 58 Thorndike St., Lawrence. Andover, Abbott Academy, 35.32; Lawrence, South Ch., S. S., 6.50, United Ch., Aux., 25; Malden, Maplewood Ch., 16.43; Melrose Highlands, Ch., 69.47; Reading, Ch., 28.42; Winchester, First Ch., 8.23, 189 37

Barnstable Association.—Miss Carrie E. Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis. Centreville, South Ch., 11.25; Harwich, Ch., 5.55; Hatchville, Aux., 5; North Truro, Christian Union Ch., 1.50, 23 30

Berkshire Branch.—Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Off. at Semi-Ann. Meet., 24.46, Two Friends in Berkshire, 250; Dalton, C. R.,

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| 5, S. S., Home Dept., 25; Housatonic, Aux., 12.20; Lee, Second Aux., 134, C. R., 2; Monterey, Aux., 27; North Adams, Aux., 98, C. R., 11.85; Haystack M. B., 15; Pittsfield, Mrs. Grace Otis Ensign, 25; Richmond Furnace, S. S., 4; Stockbridge, First Ch., 9.87. Less expenses, 18.26, | 625 12 |
| Essex North Branch. —Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas., 16 Salem St., Bradford. Haverhill, Riverside Memorial Ch., S. S., Beginners' Dept., 5, Union Ch., Aux., 11.75; Ipswich, Aux., 16.25; Merrimac, Ch., 14.87; Newburyport, Central Ch., Aux., 88.20, C. R., 50 cts., | 136 57 |
| Essex South Branch. —Miss Daisy Raymond, Treas., 120 Balch St., Beverly. Beverly, Second Ch., Woman's Union, 6.02; Danvers, First Ch., Ladies' Benev. Soc., 4; Gloucester, Trinity Ch., Aux., 25; Salem, Crombie St. Ch., 13.12, Tabernacle Ch., Aux., 13, Pro Christo Soc., 10; Saugus, Center Ch., Aux., 5.50, M. C., 5; Swampscott, First Ch., Aux., 4.50, S. S., Prim. Dept., 10, | 96 14 |
| Franklin County Branch. —Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Charlemont, Ch., 16.80; Leverett, Moores Corner, Ch., 2; New Salem, North Ch., 2.52, | 21 32 |
| Hampshire Co. Branch. —Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Cummington, Village Ch., 6.10; Goshen, Ch., 7.84; West Cummington, Ch., 1; Worthington, Ch., 6.75, | 21 69 |
| Middlesex Branch. —Mrs. Frederick L. Claflin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Ashland, Ch., 10.54; Natick, First Ch., 17.60; Northboro, Friend, 5; Saxonville, Edwards Ch., 12; South Sudbury, Memorial Ch., 2.55; Wellesley Farms, Miss S. E. Wheeler, 1, | 48 69 |
| Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch. —Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 115 Warren Ave., Mattapan. Abington, Aux. (Th. Off., 30.90), 56.23; Brockton, Porter Ch., Aux., 247.75, C. R., 7.25; Cohasset, Second Ch., 15.81; East Bridgevater, Aux., 18.10; Hanson, C. E. Soc., 5; Randolph, Aux., 25; Sharon, Aux. (Th. Off., 26.50) (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Lucretia B. Dyer), 43.20, Prim. Dept. S. S., 5.65, Helping Hand M. C., 5; Weymouth, South, Union Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 36), 43.25; Whitman, Aux., Th. Off., 10, | 482 24 |
| North Middlesex Branch. —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Concord, Mrs. C. R. Borland, 20; Harvard, C. E. Soc., 5, | 25 00 |
| Old Colony Branch. —Miss Frances J. Rannels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River. Attleboro, Bethany Dau. of Cov., 5; Fall River, Aux., 110; Taunton, Union Ch., S. S., 5, | 120 00 |
| Springfield Branch. —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Chicopee Falls, Aux., 10; Monson, S. S., Home Dept., 14; Palmer, Second Ch., Aux., 28.43, | 52 43 |
| Suffolk Branch. —Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge. Arlington Heights, Park Ave. Ch., 10; Boston, Old South Ch., Mizpah Ch., Aux., 40; Boston, South, Phillips Ch., Aux., 15; Cambridge, First Ch., Shepard Guild, 100, Pilgrim Ch., 29.06, Women Workers, 25, Wood Memorial Ch., 9.30; Chelsea, Cen- | |
| tral Ch., Women Workers, 30, C. R., 2.20; Dorchester, Central Ch., Woman's Assoc., 3.25, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 14, Romsey Ch., Aux., 8.50; Faneuil, Aux., 30; Neponset, Trinity Ch., Stone Aux., 10.80; Newton, Eliot Ch., 97.20; Newton Center, First Ch., For. Miss. Dept., 52; Newtonville, Central Guild, 15; Roxbury, Highland Ch., S. S., 5.30, Inter. Dept., Birthday Off., 11.12, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept. (add'l Th. Off., 12.25) (with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Rubie N. Brackett, Miss Myra C. Cook, Miss Mildred Gallagher, Miss E. Pauline Gillette, Mrs. Isabel A. Morse, Miss Emma F. Porter, Mrs. E. Matthews Richardson, Miss Agnes L. Sherman, Mrs. Alice U. Spencer, Miss Hope Vincent, Miss Ruth Vincent), 73.75; Somerville, Highland Ch., Women Workers, 10, Prospect Hill Ch., 22.02; Somerville, West, Aux., 13; Watertown, Phillips Ch., Aux., 33; Wellesley Hills, Aux., 39, | 703 50 |
| Worcester Co. Branch. —Mrs. Thomas E. Babb, Jr., Treas., 12 Clearview Ave., Worcester. East Douglas, Second Ch., 37.35; Gilbertville, Trinitarian Ch., 14.16; Sutton, Ch., 5; West Boylston, Aux., Th. Off., 16.33, Mrs. Cummins' S. S. Cl., 4.42, C. E. Soc., 1; Worcester, Hope Ch., Miss. Soc., 15, Old South Ch., Little Light Bearers, 35 cts., Piedmont Ch., 31, Seven Cl. in Sr. S. S., 58, Jr. Dept. S. S., 33, | 215 61 |
| Total, | 2,760 98 |
| RHODE ISLAND. | |
| Rhode Island Branch. —Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Pawtucket, Park Place Ch., Dr. Edwin A. Kemp in mem. of his wife, Esther M. Kemp, 10; Providence, Pilgrim Ch., 7.50, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 22, | 39 50 |
| CONNECTICUT. | |
| Eastern Connecticut Branch. —Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Colchester, Aux., Th. Off., 20; Danielson, S. S., 2.50; Groton, S. S., 73.42; Lebanon, Aux., Th. Off., 7.40; New London, First Ch., Aux. (add'l Th. Off., 1.81), 7.22; Norwich, First Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Wauregan, C. E. Soc., 5, | 117 54 |
| Hartford Branch. —Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Berlin, Aux., 83.25; East Hartford, First Ch., 33.35; Hartford, Center Ch., S. S., 48.93, Warburton Chapel, S. S., 20; Plantsville, Ch., 16.24; West Hartford, Sr. Aux., 35.14, | 236 91 |
| New Haven Branch. —Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Barkhamsted, Aux., 2.65; Branford, Aux., 50; Bridgeport, First Ch., Aux., 213, Olivet Ch., Aux., 51; Centerbrook, Aux., 13; Colebrook, Aux., 43.15; Cornwall, Second Ch., Aux., 12; Darien, Aux., 60; Durham, Prim. Dept. S. S., 2; Goshen, C. E. Soc., 25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 6; Guilford, First Ch., Aux., 100; Harwinton, Aux., 4.10; Ivoryton, Aux., 29; Kent, 16.62; Killingworth, Aux., 9; Litchfield, Aux., 81.50, C. R., 6.76, C. E. Soc., 10.33; Middlebury, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Emily C. Fenn, Mrs. Gertrude Shepardon), 32.45 Middleton, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. 25 from Friend to const. L. M. Miss Elizabeth Burnham Derby), | |

45.13; Morris, Aux., 16; New Haven, Center Ch., Aux., 84, Ch. of the Redeemer, Aux., 90.80, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 38.17, Yale College Ch., Aux., 10; North Greenwich, Aux., 5.05; North Madison, Aux., 6.21; Norwalk, Aux., 25; Plymouth, Aux., 10; Redding, Aux., 3, Dau. of Cov., 12; Sharon, Busy Bees, 50; Sherman, Aux., 26.25; Southport, Aux., 30; Stratford, Aux., 24; Torrington, Center Ch., Aux., 82.55, First Ch., Aux., 10; Whitneyville, Aux., 19; Winchester, C. E. Soc., 12, 1,366 72

Total, 1,721 17

NEW YORK.

New York State Branch.—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Aquebogue, Aux., 34.52; Barryville, Ch., 4; Binghamton, First Ch., Aux., 40; Brooklyn, Miss Josephine L. Roberts, 5, Central Ch., Aux., 166.68, Ch. of the Evangel, 12.50, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux., 30, Park Ch., Aux., 13.40, Park Ave. Branch, Aux., 20, Dau. of Cov., 10, Plymouth, Ch., Aux., 55, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., 200, South Ch., M. C., 275, S. S., 30, Jr. Miss. Rally, 5.04; Buffalo, First Ch., Aux., 25; Copenhagen, Aux., 8; Cortland, First Ch., Aux., 100; Coventryville, Aux., 5; Deansboro, Dau. of Cov., 15; Fulton, Aux., 23.19; Harford, Pa., Aux., 5; Java Village, Ch., 1.50; Masena, Aux., 6.25; Millers Place and Mt. Sinai, C. E. Soc., 8; Mt. Vernon, Aux., 25; Napoli, Aux., 10; Norwich, S. S., 28; Ontario, Earnest Workers, 10; Prospect, Ch., 2; Riverhead, First Ch., Aux., 50, Sound Ave. Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 2.11; Rochester, South Ch., Woman's Miss. Soc., 50; Smyrna, Contribution, 28; Spencerport, Aux., 50; Syracuse, South Ave. Ch., Pilgrim Sisters, 5; Walton, Aux., 40; Warsaw, Aux., 104.93; West Winfield, Aux., 25. Less expenses, 205.44, 1,317 68

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J., D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Emma L. C. Johnson), 25, People's Ch., Woman's Miss. Soc., 10; Ga., Atlanta, Central Ch., 22.96, Fla., Sanford, W. M. S., 10; St. Petersburg, Ladies' Miss. Soc., 6.74; West Tampa, Union Ch., 5.50; N. J., East Orange, First Ch., Aux., 50, Trinity Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 25.45; Passaic, First Ch., C. R., 5; N. C., Southern Pines, Ladies' Aid Soc., 10.70; Pa., Allegheny, W. M. S., 4.50; Germantown, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.50; Lansford, English Ch., Y. L. M. S., 4; Meadville, Aux., 30; Philadelphia, Midvale Ch., W. M. S., 2; Williamsport, First Ch., Aux., 25; S. C., Charleston, Prim. Cl. S. S., 70 cts. *Jubilee, Fla.*, Jacksonville, Aux., 6, 245 05

CANADA.

Canada.—Cong'l W. B. M., Miss Emily Thompson, Treas., Toronto, 1,401 78

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| Donations, | \$8,336 61 |
| Buildings, | 71 00 |
| Specials, | 32 60 |

Total, \$8,440 21

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1912, TO JAN. 1, 1913.

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|------------|-------------|
| Donations, | \$20,636 32 |
| Buildings, | 14,875 50 |
| Specials, | 200 16 |
| Legacies, | 2,850 00 |

Total, \$38,561 98

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT.

| | |
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| Previously acknowledged, | \$28,765 68 |
| Receipts of the month, | 60 00 |

Total, \$28,825 68

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

Receipts for December, 1912

MISS HENRIETTA F. BREWER, Treasurer, 770 Kingston Ave., Oakland, Cal.

CALIFORNIA.

Northern California Branch.—Mrs. E. V. Krick, Treas., 1433 Clay St., San Francisco. Berkeley, Cong'l Chinese S. S., 12.30; Everett, Cradle Roll, 50 cts.; Oakland, First, W. Soc., 70, Gift Mrs. S. T. Fisher, 10, Young Ladies' Guild, 150, Gift Mrs. Chas. R. Brown, 50, Myrtle St., Cradle Roll, 50 cts., Plymouth, W. Soc., 5; Pacific Grove, W. Soc., 10.38; Sacramento, Young Ladies' Study Cl., 14; San Francisco, First, W. Soc., 10; San Jose, W. Soc., 110; Santa Cruz, W. Soc., 75, Cheerful Workers, 37.50; Suisun, W. Soc., 5, 560 18

Southern California Branch.—Mrs. S. E.

Hughes, Treas., 56 Worcester Ave., Pasadena. Claremont, Jr. Dept. of S. S., 8; Highland, W. Soc., 25, Prim. Dept. of S. S., 2.90; Long Beach, S. Cl., 25; Los Angeles, Bethlehem, W. Soc., 10, East Ch., W. Soc., 34, First Ch., W. Soc., 160.30, Plymouth, W. Soc., 35, Vernon, W. Soc., 50; Ontario, W. Soc., 56.30; Pasadena, First, Philathea Cl., 10, North, W. Soc., 14; Pomona, W. Soc., 15; Santa Ana, W. Soc., 50; San Diego, First, W. Soc., 62.50,

Logan Heights, W. Soc., 10; Santa Barbara, Personal Gift, 30, 598 00

IDAHO.

Idaho Branch.—Mrs. W. L. Phelps, Treas., 111 Jefferson St., Boise. Weiser, W. Soc., 3.90; Rockland, W. Soc., 1, 4 90

OREGON.

Oregon Branch.—Mrs. A. L. Cake, Treas., 421 West Park St., Portland. Ashland, W. Soc., 5; Portland, First, W. Soc., 52.25, 57 25

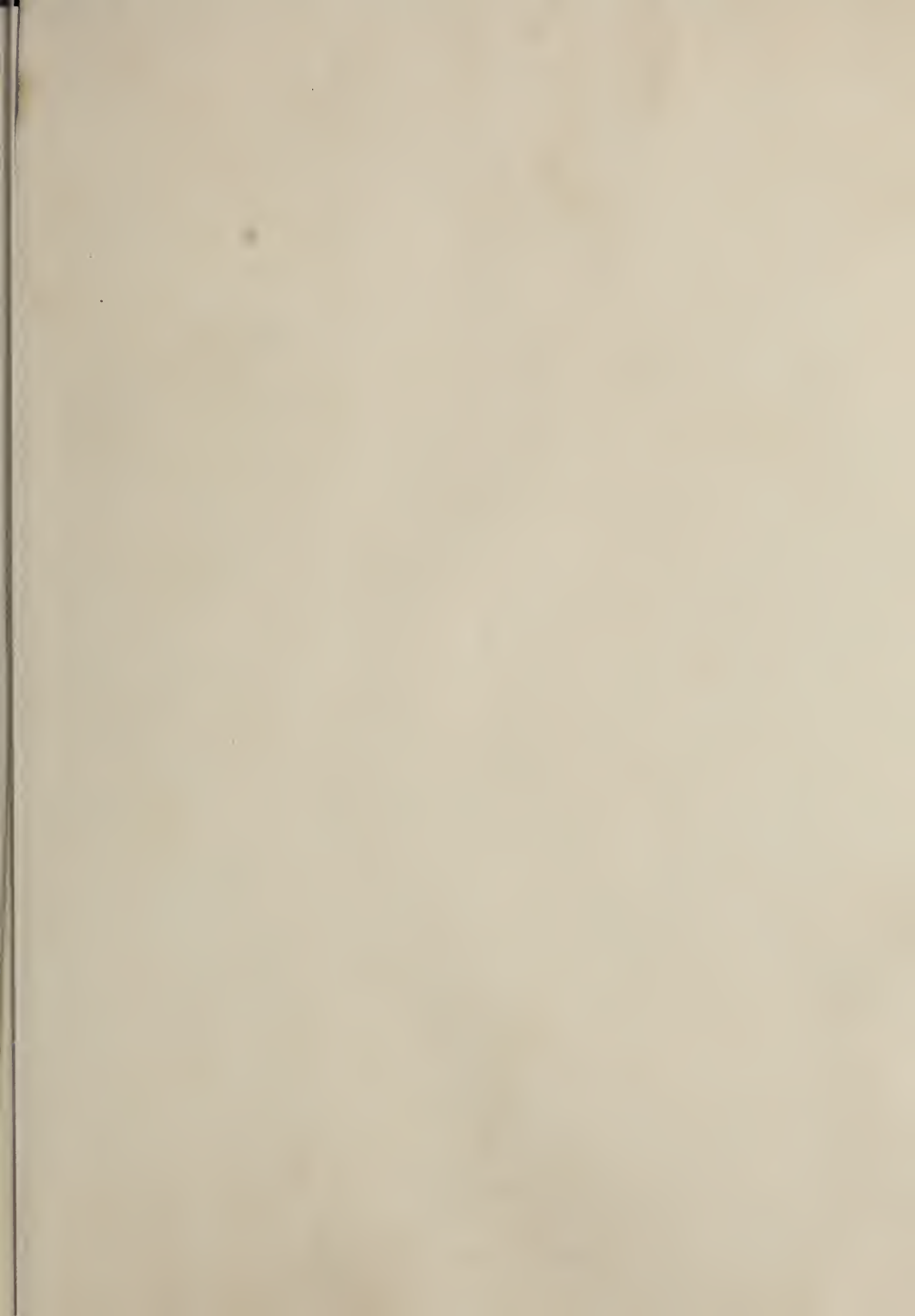
WASHINGTON.

Washington Branch.—Mrs. Everett Smith, Treas., 1533 18th Ave., Seattle. Bellingham, W. Soc., 7; Everett, W. Soc., 20.70; Seattle, Brighton, C. E. Soc., 2, Green Lake, 15; Seattle, Pilgrim, S. S., 7.50, University, W. Soc., 10; Spokane, Gift of Mrs. W. B. Porter, 10; Walla Walla, 3, 81 20

Total, 1,301 53

Respectfully submitted,

R. B. FERRIER, Asst. Treas.



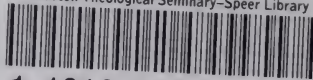
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Life and Light for Woman

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